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NAVAL WARS OF THE FUTURE.

NAVAL tactics, the science which relates to the management of fleets and single vessels of war, embraces strategy and evolutions under all circumstances. Many forms, or orders, are necessary for conducting the evolutions of a fleet, and, unless a Commander-in-Chief is thoroughly versed in tactics, has a quick eye to see the defects in his enemy's line, and a ready mind to execute, he will fall short of what is required, and will probably gain few laurels, if indeed he is not brought to grief for want of that knowledge which every sea officer should possess.

Two opposing fleets may be compared with the figures on a chessboard, which are moved as circumstances may seem to require, to give each opponent the chance for victory. The problem of manœuvring a fleet is, however, much more difficult, as we see the game of chess well played by very ordinary persons, while the men who have proved themselves great naval tacticians can be counted on one's fingers. Many battles have been won at sea by men who could not be considered tacticians, but their victories have been gained by courage, which is just as necessary in naval tactics as in any other case courage to decide quickly in emergencies, without which no man can have the nerve to take advantage of the opportunities offered by his foe. Courage, combined with the science of which we are treating, will, other things being equal, insure victory.

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Naval tactics is the most difficult branch of the art of war, and, notwithstanding the many centuries in which great fleets have contended on the ocean, it has not yet reached its acme. At the present time there is a diversity of opinion as regards the proper manner of manœuvring and fighting, and no one would like to commit himself by proposing a system for future wars, for fear of proving a false prophet, since so many new elements are constantly entering into the science of war that only a master mind can grasp the whole subject and form some idea of future naval operations. Even in the management of a large fleet in time of peace, there is enough to occupy the mind of a Commander-in-Chief.

Many things are to be learned in the organization of a fleet before going into battle, and he who neglects to drill his ship's crews in the manœuvres necessary to enable its atoms to preserve a compact form, or to change rapidly from one form to another, would prove himself a tyro indeed, quite incapable of conducting great operations.

Naval tactics present intricate formations which are Greek to a landsman and not much more intelligible to those officers who put off learning the science of their profession until they arrive at command. Yet all the formations can be stored in the memory, ready to be put in practice when opportunity occurs.

I here give an outline of these fleet formations which will show the unitiated what difficulties are encountered in manœuvring a fleet even in peaceful times, and it may induce them to further study the subject.

An assemblage of vessels, either by simultaneous, successive or direct movements, or by a conversion, or by a wheel in concentric circles, or by a combination of movements, can attain any formation necessary to a fleet or squadron. That is an axiom. Success depends on the Commander-in-Chief, who may be readily able to form line ahead, or line abreast, or in echelon, which are called "simple formations." But, if it happens to be desirable for any combination of vessels to divide and form on more than one line of bearing, the formation becomes a complex one, and is said to be, "in line ahead in two columns," or "in double line ahead,' "alternate line abreast," or "in groups in line abreast," "in naval square," "in double echelon," or "in groups in double echelon," or "in chase formation," or "in retreat formation."

These are the general formations which would probably be

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practiced when two fleets met upon the ocean manœuvring for position previous to attack, and it is not difficult to see that such manœuvres involve intricate changes, the success of which depends not only on the Commander-in-Chief, but on the ability of commanding officers of single ships.

Naval tactics, outlined as above, constitute the system of attack and defense in the formation of fleets which we have adopted without ever having had an opportunity of putting it in practice in default of a squadron of evolution, or of the opportunity to witness the manœuvres of foreign fleets, which latter seem to depend more on the benefits to be derived from the simplest formations than the case will warrant. So many new factors are constantly coming into the field of naval warfare that it seems to me when a sea fight occurs, with all the latest implements, we will discover that the whole world has been committing great mistakes, and that there will be more science practiced than has heretofore been thought necessary, and, therefore, it will be better for us to pay more attention to science than to lay so much stress on simple fleet manœuvres.

The treatise on naval tactics, which may be called the foundation for all subsequent books on the subject, was written in the reign of Louis XIV., by a French Jesuit, Paul l'Hoste, who was a thorough seaman and had seen much service in the naval wars with England. His work was written after consultation with the Marshal Count de Tourville and other famous admirals of France.

In their early career the French were not distinguished as seamen, and in contests with the English in particular, generally came off second best. Even in the time of Elizabeth, the English navy gave proof of prowess possessed by no other nation, owing to the attention paid to her maritime forces by that queen of famous memory. History abounds with the record of English victories at sea, and those gained over the French impressed Paul l'Hoste with the idea of preparing his treatise, which assisted greatly in enabling French fleets to hold their own against their rivals, but could not compensate for the bold, dashing manner in which the British made their attacks, and frequently set the French tactics at naught.

This trait in the English character of defying all obstacles to come in close contact with an enemy, seemed to render the use of an intricate system of naval tactics unnecessary for them. They conquered by the exercise of that stubborn will which is an attri-

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bute of the Anglo-Saxon race, together with their expertness in seamanship which has rendered their navy renowned.

In future wars, where new elements are brought into play and the fleets are propelled by steam instead of sails, Great Britain may find herself at fault for want of that precise knowledge in tactics, which gives an army such a decided advantage over a less skilled opponent; yet, with their stubborn way of fighting, their facilities for naval construction and armament, and their nautical ability, Englishmen may prove victorious in the coming time as in years gone by.

We can hardly predict the result of future naval wars. France, the most scientific of nations, has made great improvements in ships and all warlike appliances, and, as the manœuvres of future fleets may correspond more nearly to those of an army than in the days of sailing ships, and as the French may exhibit more skill than they did in former times, perhaps the English are destined one day to encounter a foe that may snatch from them the laurels won since 1588, the year of the "Invincible Armada." Some future French admiral may avenge the humiliation inflicted on his country by Howe, Hyde Parker, Hood, Rodney, Collingwood and Nelson, not to mention others whose names illuminate the naval history of Great Britain.

Who can tell what may happen when science usurps the place of seamanship pure and simple? The day may come when some other naval power than Great Britain may show a record of brighter and more important deeds than have ever yet been chronicled. I cannot help thinking, however, that the same impulses which inspired the Britons of the past century still lie *perdu*, and only want to be awakened by the cry, "*To Arms!*" and, all things being equal, we shall see the Britons gathering on that element of which they seem a part a harvest equal to what they have reaped in the past.

I believe that the nations of Europe look upon the naval power of Great Britain as the one thing that cannot be broken, and, while that power endures, Great Britain will hold her own against any three continental nations combined. The same reasons that, a century ago, made the British navy superior to all others may exist in the future; for, during the French Revolution, after a long series of hostilities between Great Britain and France, the conviction was forced upon the latter that the only way to compete with her rival was to build a navy of equal force. When

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this scheme was proposed in the French Assembly, Mirabeau remarked, "The English war marine has grown to what it is, like the English oaks of which the ships are built, through the slow progress of a thousand years. You cannot have a navy without sailors, and sailors are made through the dangers of the deep, from father to son, until their home is on the wave. You cannot build up a navy at once by a simple act of legislation."

Since the time of Mirabeau the science of naval war has been changed, and other nations of Europe, besides Great Britain, may, in the future, attain reputation as naval powers which hitherto they have failed to acquire. Mirabeau spoke truly when he described the British navy, but the changes that have taken place in recent times are such as Mother Shipton in her wildest predictions never hinted at. Steam rules everything, and the gallant hearts who once bade defiance to the tempest, and, like the stormy petrel, loved to disport on waves running mountain high, have given place to a class of men who, although they wear the emblems of the old sea-dogs, are of quite a different character, and the motive power of war ships is in the hands of mechanics who have never been subjected to that ordeal through which British sailors had to pass for many generations.

The advent of steam has changed the whole character of war, not only in the rapidity with which the different movements can be carried on, but also in the character of the men who perform the manual labor, and this has a tendency to place the sailors of different nations on a more equal footing. The wars of the future, then, may turn out to be as different as possible from those of the past, and although we may educate officers in the higher mathematics to enable them to rise to the occasion, when the time arrives, the results may be exactly opposite to what we anticipated.

There have been no conflicts by which to test thoroughly the new system of naval warfare, or the implements by which war is henceforth to be carried on. In days of yore squadrons would sometimes fight for hours with smooth-bore guns, and do little damage to each other. The guns were comparatively small, the ship's sides very thick and solid, so that only the heaviest shot would pass through. The masts and rigging might be badly cut up, but the ships would haul off to repair damages, and the crippled spars and sails would soon be replaced. In the course of an hour,

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perhaps, a ship that had been badly cut up was ready to go into action again, while carpenters were slung over the side to plug up shot holes. Had any of the ships of Nelson's day been struck between wind and water by a twelve-inch rifled shell; exploding on impact, as is generally the case, the ship would have had a hole torn in her side through which a good-sized whale might enter, and would have gone to the bottom in five minutes. Such is the disparity between the guns of the present and those of the past, and the disparity between the old-fashioned line-of-battle ships and the monster armor-clads of to-day is equally great.

What made England mistress of the seas were her wooden walls, and the gallant tars that manned the guns. The sea-girt isle produced a far greater number of thorough seamen than any nation of the European Continent, for the latter placed their chief reliance in huge armies, and it is only within a comparatively recent period that some of the most powerful countries have had any navy at all. In the seventeenth century England, Spain, Holland, and France were the naval powers par excellence, and with the prestige gained by the English against superior forces, it seems to have been thought useless for the smaller powers to waste much money upon naval armaments, which would simply fall a prey to the enterprising islanders.

It is only since the introduction of steam that the nations of the world, great and small, have concluded to incur the expense of a navy, some of those who had previously no navy at all becoming suddenly powerful in their ships, and even the Chinese and Japanese have armor-clads that will compare favorably with those of Europe. As matters now stand, it is difficult to foresee the result of future conflicts. Had the battle of Trafalgar been fought under steam, who can say what might have been the result ?

After the French adopted the tactics of L'Hoste the English plan of steering boldly down upon an enemy and closing with him as soon as possible did not prove as effective as before, for the French received the advancing enemy with their entire broadsides, raking the English ships fore and aft, so that by the time the latter got alongside a French ship their sails and rigging would be dreadfully cut up. Every other French ship would then run off hidden by the smoke and form to leeward. As soon as the English formed in line and opened their batteries, the remainder of the French fleet would run off before the wind and

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unite with the first division, while the cripped English could but slowly follow. This system of the Frenchmen running off and receiving the English with their entire broadside, while the latter, exposed to a raking fire, could only use their bow guns, changed the whole character of naval warfare. The French were the better tacticians, the English the better seamen. The boldest and most dashing English commanders frequently had the mortification of seeing a French fleet escape them through the tactics of the Jesuit.

These tactical successes were considered by the French as victories, and in many cases their importance justified the claim. The French will probably retain their superiority as tacticians from their peculiarly systematic character, and this may have a very great effect in future wars between them and the English in deciding to whom victory shall belong,

The French have been in the past more a nation of soldiers, while the English owe not only their success in war but their very existence to the fact that they are *par excellence* a maritime people. If the English ever permit any decadence in their navy, either in material or personnel, it will be a step toward the downfall of British greatness. England should not, in the future, omit any of those precautions in perfecting her naval power which have made her so successful in the past. In the famous naval battles of the last three centuries we can trace the progress of scientific warfare and note when the character of naval design has changed so that what may have been considered a perfect organization in the sixteenth century would to-day excite derision.

The engagement of Mathews and La Const (1744), Anson and La Jonquiere (1747), Hawke and L'Etendeau (1747), Knowles and Reggio (1748), Parker's three actions (1758–59), Boscowen and La Clue (1759), Keppel (1778), Lord Howe and D'Estaing (1778), Hyde Parker and De La Motte (1780), Rodney (1780), Cornwallis and La Motte Piquet (1780), Rodney (1782), Howe (1782 and 1794), St. Vincent (1797), The Nile (1798), and Trafalgar, are some of the sea fights that have made England famous and given to France the second place, notwithstanding she often held her own against odds and even gained glory from defeat. The advantages in tactics were on the side of the French, but the indomitable energy and superior seamanship of the British won the day.

There are eras in the history of naval warfare which are

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worthy of particular consideration, from the time when ships armed with heavy artillery began to act in concert and formed into divisions under the command of Admirals, sailed on lines of bearing-in forms of pursuit and retreat, and executed such manœuvres as were absolutely necessary to prevent a fleet from falling into confusion.

This era may properly date from the sailing of the "Invincible Armada," in 1588, and I refer to it to show what courage and seamanship will effect against an apparently overwhelming force. What happened three hundred years ago may happen again in the future with similar unfortunate results to the too confident invader. Had Philip of Spain succeeded in his project of conquering the British Islands, the whole future of that country would have been changed, and many events which have illustrated the might and glory of England would never have taken place. As master of England, Philip II. would have commanded the North Sea, forever secured to Spain the possession of the Low Countries, and enabled her to blockade the entrance to the Baltic and coop up the Russian bear in his own waters.

The Armada was the most powerful and perfectly fitted fleet that had ever been sent to sea. It was conceived by the most powerful monarch of Europe, who was animated by the most intense hatred of England, her Queen, and her religion. The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty-two ships, armed with three thousand one hundred and fifty-five of the heaviest cannon known at the time, a large number of smaller vessels, and a vast assemblage of transports. From all parts of Spain young men of the best families volunteered their services until the ships could hold no more. Many friars accompanied the expedition under the direction of a vicar of the Holy Inquisition, to aid in extirpating heresy after the conquest of England should have been effected. The ships of the Armada were of enormous size and strength, and cased with heavy planks to prevent their being pierced by cannon balls, a year's provisions were provided, and nothing left undone to make the expedition a success. In addition to the maritime forces, the Duke of Parma had collected a choice army of forty thousand infantry and eighteen hundred horse ready in transports, at a moment's notice, to land in England.

Such were the enormous preparations made by the Spaniards that all Europe was in alarm, not knowing, for some time, where

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the blow would fall. The situation of England, during the preparation of the Armada, was a very unhappy one, particularly when Elizabeth was informed by the King of France of the probable intentions of Philip. With her accustomed energy the Queen took all necessary steps to repel the invasion and the people of England rushed to arms. A fleet of war ships was prepared, and, although the preparations were begun only on November 1, 1587, four years after Philip had commenced to fit out the Armada, yet the English fleet was ready for sea by December 20th of the same year, a celerity that could not be exceeded at the present day.

In this fleet were the most renowned seamen of the age. Lord Howard, of Effingham, was appointed Admiral; Sir Francis Drake, Vice-Admiral, and Hawkins and Frobisher, Rear Admirals. Lord Henry Seymour, with forty English and Dutch ships, was sent to prevent the army of the Duke of Parma from getting to sea. This piece of English history has a pointed bearing on the subject which we are treating. England was never before, and never will again, if she is true to herself, be in such a perilous condition as she was in 1588, when the chances seemed ten to one that she could not escape destruction—a calamity which would have retarded civilization for centuries.

I wish to emphasize the fact that it was through the navy that the English and their sovereign escaped destruction, for so incensed were the Spaniards against Elizabeth for putting to death the Catholic Queen of Scots, that they would have visited her with condign vengeance, and they had already parceled out the real and personal property of her subjects.

The largest of the Spanish ships were of one thousand five hundred tons, while none of those in the English fleet exceeded eight hundred, and their seventy-five ships averaged only three hundred tons, while the disparity of guns was great enough to have appalled any but the stoutest hearts. In the contemporary accounts of the Armada, we read that eighteen of the largest Spanish ships, carrying eight thousand men, were destroyed in battle, seventeen ships were lost on the Irish coast, forty on the English coast—in short, disaster overtook the whole expedition, and only a fragment returned to Spain. Of the English fleet, but one ship was lost in battle and not more than one hundred men.

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This great victory, over the most extensive naval expedition ever fitted out, was gained by a few ships, but they were manned by skillful seamen, full of courage and energy and governed by strict discipline. No such conditions prevailed on board the Spanish ships. The leaders were not skillful Admirals, the seamen were not well drilled at the guns, and most of the time on shipboard was given up to masses and religious ceremonies by the numerous priests, in order to insure victory over the heretics.

When General Anthony Wayne was about to storm the intrenchments at Stony Point, he had to pass a stream to reach the enemy's wooks. "Soldiers," he said, "put your trust in Providence, but keep your powder dry," an exhortation very suitable for the emergency. It would have been well for the Spaniards if they had devoted more time to drill and preparations for the stern realities of battle.

I have given this brief sketch of the Armada because that celebrated expedition has an important bearing on the naval wars of the future. The particular qualities which marked the English seaman of three centuries ago are still paramount. They are as much in advance now, in all that tends to make a navy efficient, as they were in the days of the Armada. The progress of such a nation should have a great deal to do in shaping the conduct of future naval wars.

The danger is that the British navy may fall into the error of supposing that it can dispense with minute excellence in naval tactics, for, where only a few forms of evolutions are brought into play, they must be executed with precision to avoid the possibility of confusion.

The nations of Europe seem alike indifferent at present to naval tactics, which is doubtless owing to the introduction of steam propulsion. They have consequently given to the world no system of naval tactics thoroughly suited to present requirements, such as would assure the thoughtful officer that a meeting of two hostile fleets will not mean the dashing together of the combatants in such a manner as to cripple both parties without giving the victory to either. It would be like the attack of two undisciplined armies, who, after being mixed up in confusion, pair off into groups and end by clubbing each other with the butts of their muskets.

Everything connected with naval warfare is the result of sci-

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entific study, from the construction of hull and engine and heavy guns to the little *mitrailleuse,* which deals such destruction when an opportunity offers for its use, and it cannot be supposed, in this progressive age, that these magnificent engines of war that have cost so much time and money are to be placed in the hands of those who are indifferent to the manner of using them and who trust to brute force for success. You might as well put a man on the coach box who did not know how to handle the reins and expect him to drive a four-in-hand successfully.

We have been accustomed to consider the British "Channel Squadron" as a technical school, but an English writer remarks of this fine array of vessels in 1872: "The great tactical revolution caused by the introduction of steam has been either quietly ignored or its extreme significance has been left to be pointed out by a small company of prophets who have not as yet succeeded in gaining more than a partial hearing for the statement of their views. . . . It is somewhat humilating to reflect that as yet, in spite of the immense progress made in every other branch of the naval art, the very stones wherewith to raise our tactical structure are, as has been well said, still unhewn. Some malignant fairy appears to have been slighted at the birthtime of that mighty fleet which has won the admiration and become the model of all the navies of the world. It possesses all the elements of perfection, but lacks one gift, the power to use them with effect. We have as yet found out no proper system of tactics, not because the invention of one is impossible, but because we have neglected to follow the road which leads to it."

This was written some years ago, but applies substantially to the present state of affairs, the slow progress in naval tactics being anything but creditable. Hence, while great fleets of armorclads are found throughout Europe, and many of the ships are wonders in naval science, it would seem difficult, if not impossible, to predict what would be their effect in future wars, unless these mighty structures are taken into battle under such tactical arrangements as will prevent confusion and make each fleet a unit, so far as possible.

Not to possess a good system of naval tactics would put the modern nations behind those of antiquity. The Greeks in particular, taught in public schools the science of naval warfare, and the victories they gained at sea were owing to the fact that their

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fleets were directed by men of great ability, according to a system that enabled the vessels to act in concert. The fleets of antiquity were propelled by oars, those of the future will be driven by steam or other power that will insure certainty of movement. It would, therefore, seem that the system of the future would be not unlike that of the Greeks.

The first period of naval warfare extends from the time of the Phœnicians, Greeks, Carthaginians and Romans to the time of Henry VIII. of England; the second to the year 1697, when the French, after many defeats, adopted the tactics of l'Hoste; the third to the time when screw propulsion was generally adopted for naval purposes, and the fourth since the armor-clad and its immense guns came into existence.

In all the changes of modern times the English have been generally prompt to adopt what promised to be improvements, and it seems strange that, though so near perfection in everything else connected with her fleets, she has never yet had a proper system of tactics such as would enable her to move her forces into action with that celerity which is demanded by the change in the system of naval warfare, and some of us may live to see the French, Russians or Germans manœuvring their ships with a precision superior to the nation which has most at stake on the ocean and to whom the absence of this perfection in tactics may mean future defeat.

It is this supineness on the part of Great Britain in regard to the art of naval war which makes us doubtful as to the results of future naval wars in which she may have a part; the conditions will be so different from what they have been hitherto.

Since Trafalgar, there have been no great battles between fleets and few engagements of consequence between single vessels. The battle of Lissa, between the Italians and Austrians, where Admiral Tegetoff gained a decisive victory, was destitute of everything tactical, and the day was won by a spasmodic dash, in which the Austrian flagship sunk the best vessel in the Italian fleet and was herself almost disabled.

The battle of Navarino, in which the combined fleets of Great Britain and France destroyed the Turkish fleet, offers no information in regard to naval tactics. The war between Chili and Peru tells us nothing that would determine the value of armor-clads over wooden vessels, and in the only case where an iron-clad

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squadron was used against stone forts and earthworks the British fleet did not show itself impregnable to the Egyptian guns while reducing the fortifications of Alexandria to ruins. It yet remains to be seen what will be the result of an encounter between two fleets of armor-clads of equal size at sea, where ships-of-the-line, rams, and torpedo vessels are brought together. Without doubt there will be a different state of affairs to what has generally been expected.

When the battle between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" occurred the powers of Europe were struck with amazement, for it was plain that this action had given the deathblow to all those magnificent ships which had hitherto been the pride of their respective nations, since they would be helpless to contend against vessels of the new American type. Here were two vessels thickly armored with iron, with guns of the heaviest type, joined in battle at close quarters for three hours and a half, without either receiving serious damage. It seemed probable that the action might have continued until both vessels had exhausted their ammunition, while it was plainly evident that the heaviest three-decker could not lie half an hour alongside the improved iron-clads the United States Government was constructing. With the energy which characterizes Great Britain, where her navy is concerned, she lost no time in making preparations to meet the emergency, replacing her ships-of-the-line and three-deckers by a type of armored vessels that could enable her to defy the world.

In 1862, Great Britain constructed the grandest fleet of steam war vessels that had ever been put afloat. It had always been her policy to build her line-of-battle ships as nearly alike as possible, so that when drawn up in line they would present a uniform weight of metal throughout its whole extent, and no one part be weaker than the other. No two powers in Europe combined, could have presented such a line of battle at sea as Great Britain, and it is safe to say she was a match for France, Russia and Spain. Well do I remember those grand old ships of the "Trafalgar" and the "Wellington" class, the latter built to carry one hundred and thirty-one and the former one hundred and twenty guns. The very sight of these ships gave an exalted ideal of naval power. The French and Russians had equally fine ships, but the guns at Hampton Roads sounded the death knell of these grand vessels,

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and in a few years they were all laid up in ordinary as mementoes of the past.

It was melancholy to see the mighty structures which had upheld the glory and power of the nations consigned to the scrap heap, but there was no alternative when their services were no longer valuable. But, right here, European powers lost sight of one most important consideration. Up to the time of the American Revolution it had been the aim of all naval powers to maintain fleets composed of ships-of-the-line, which should be their main power of attack and defense, while frigates were not admitted to the line of battle but served as outposts or to take a crippled vessel out of action, or act as dispatch vessels, in fact, be "the eyes of the fleet," for in the opinion of the best authorities the power of a navy lay in its ability to unite in a compact line as many of the largest class of ships as possible. In computing the power of a navy, the number of line-of-battle ships it could send to sea was the test of its strength; for, no matter how many frigates and sloops-of-war a nation might possess, they could not contend against the ships-of-the-line.

In building a new navy Great Britain, and those who followed her, committed grave mistakes. They did not apparently consider that there would be still the same necessity for heavy ships to form in line of battle, while frigates and sloops, or commerce destroyers, should be constructed in accordance with the new order of things for use in time of war. There was a wide difference of opinion in Europe as to the merits of the two types of vessels that had battled in Hampton Roads. Secretary Welles, in his pride at the success of the monitors at the conclusion of our civil war, sent the "Miantonomoh" to Europe. She was a slow vessel, but of formidable dimensions and strength, with heavy guns that would have destroyed any ship in the British navy. Combined in line with others of like destructive power, she might have been called invincible, but her merits were generally ignored, and her defects sharply commented upon.

The great subject of discussion in England at that time was, "What should constitute a modern war-ship?" Many proposals were made by different naval architects and ship builders, and much discussion ensued in the Board of Admiralty. The point was settled by building the "Warrior" and "Black Prince," though both of these vessels together could have been beaten by one of

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the "Miantonomoh" class, supplied with proper engines, heavy ordnance and armor, and such other appliances as English mechanical skill could devise.

An English writer observes: "It is a fortunate circumstance for this country that throughout all the excitement and contention of the last fifteen years, those who guide our naval policy have preserved, on the whole, a wise course, and have added to the navy year by year a succession of the most powerful ships that the resources at their command enabled them to produce. They have not waited till it could be proved beyond dispute by *a priori* reasoning what the characteristics of a modern war-ship should be; but have gone on building ships of increased and varied power, so that should an emergency arise, we shall be prepared, if not with a *fleet* of perfect ships, at least with a more formidable fleet than can be possibly brought against us. This is most unmistakably our present position: After a short period of reconstruction, we are in possession of the most magnificent fleet that has ever been seen, and are able to send to any part of the world an amount of fighting power that appears positively overwhelming."

This is substantially true, for the English have kept ahead of all other nations in the number of their armor-clad ships; but whether she has developed the best line-of-battle ship, one that can maintain position, and not be driven from the line owing to some inherent weakness, remains to be seen.

The "Warrior" and "Black Prince" were certainly not good types of line-of-battle ships, and in no way equaled some foreign vessels built shortly after them. They were good frigates, but not ships-of-the-line. The "Hercules," "Monarch," "Minotaur," "Northumberland," "Inconstant," "Bellerophon," "Defense," "Narcissus," "Agincourt," "Volage," "Iron Duke," "Hotspur," "Glatton" and "Devastation" were excellent designs for their time, but they are not all alike or exactly calculated to take their place in line of battle against the guns of to-day, which shows a want of forethought such as we should hardly have expected in the Board of Admiralty. Steady improvement has marked the course of events in the British Navy, and at the present time they have a force which will probably prevent any maritime nation from courting their hostility.

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[*To be Continued.*]

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THE STAGE AND SOCIETY.

Some thoughts are suggested by the rapidly growing respect and esteem of the world for the art and artists of the stage. Not so many years ago, social laws proscribed the followers of the theatrical calling in most offensive and contemptuous terms. In these present days there is no social eminence to which the serious and earnest artist of the stage may not mount, no circle so exclusive that its gates may not be passed by the player who shall prove personally worthy.

Described in the old English statutes as vagabonds, "such as wake on the night and sleep on the day, and hunt customable taverns and ale-houses, and routs about, and no man wot from whence they came, nor whither they go," the dramatic artist of to-day finds every door open and every hand stretched out in welcome.

What are the moving causes of this lifting up of the theatre and its followers? Are they to be discovered in the devotion of players to the development and dignification of their art, or in the supposititious exaltation of the stage by society personages who have persuaded themselves that, in becoming associated with the drama, they are assisting in its "elevation"?

I think that any serious consideration of this advancement of the profession of acting must bring the conclusion that it has been occasioned purely by the care and thought and increasing power of the actors themselves. No barrier can stand forever before the progress of honest endeavor. It is only by the constant toil which produces development that any of the arts has gone forward, and this applies with particular force to the dramatic art, which, being a combination of all the others, is the most difficult and comprehensive.

It would be a destructive blow to the existence of such a thing as dramatic art, if a social leader, equipped with a pleasing personality, a degree of drawing-room grace and ten lessons in elocu-

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tion, were to gain, as an actress, the approval of thoughtful observers. I do not say that a society leader may not become a dramatic artist. But her progress must be accomplished by the same methods and labors and experiences as those which mark the advancement of the humblest beginner in the ranks.

To most of those who move from the private mansion to the stage, acting seems an easy accomplishment, and theatrical triumphs appear the simple rewards of trivial labors. Thus, your society amateur, with her few lessons and her parlor graces—which are by no means stage graces—starts serenely in at the top, expecting to see herself instantly recognized as a dramatic artist. Sometimes she finds in notoriety a balm for the abrasion of her expectations. But, more generally, she feels that the actors, the newspapers and the general community, have entered into a dark conspiracy to thwart her ambitions and rob the drama of one of its most shining lights. There should be no room on the stage for any man or woman who is not willing to study and work unceasingly not only for individual triumph, but also for the growth and honor of the art of acting. Such persons do not ornament the stage any more than they comprehend its mission or measure its worth. Far from elevating the dramatic art, they retard its progress and bring upon it the reproach of purposeless frivolity.

The task of the dramatic artist is not of a trifling nature. It is the purpose of the player to not merely impersonate the creations of poetic genius, but to illuminate them—to make a picture of the dramatist's fancy. Sculpture, painting, music and poetry are all requirements of the dramatic artist who has the highest aspirations. The temperament must be more or less charged with melody, and there must be not only some knowledge of the arts but a direct sympathetic feeling for all of them. The true dramatic artist must be upon a mental and sympathetic level with the maker of the character he or she is to perform, or the characterization ceases to possess importance as a contribution to the art products of the time.

A difficulty of the players' position is that when we have once made our picture it must remain as it is. We cannot draw a pen through a phrase that proves, upon examination, to have been badly chosen, and we cannot paint out a blemish upon our canvas, retouching the spot at our leisure. When our portraiture once takes form, it is instantly judged for what it is, not what it may

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become by revision. The dramatic artist is thus placed at a disadvantage as compared with the workers in other lines of art.

It is a great part of our mission to seek out the utmost dramatic possibilities of compositions that have been framed for the stage and bring them to the light. We can hardly expect to accomplish this task with success until we have, by long study and experience, trained our natural qualities to a knowledge of what dramatic effects really are, and a power to bring them out.

Let me choose, for an example, the "Winter's Tale." When I was preparing for its presentation in London many close readers of Shakespeare were considerably more than doubtful of the result. Professor Max Muller said to me one day: "I do not see what can be made of this work. Viewed from the dramatic standpoint I regard it as not only the least valuable of Shakespeare's plays, but as being almost wholly worthless."

"You must go and see it," I replied.

"I shall do so," he continued, "and if you can convince me that the 'Winter's Tale' is worth the labor and expense you are bestowing upon it, I shall admit that I was completely in error."

He did see the production, and he very heartily admitted that he had been completely deceived as to its value for dramatic purposes. Thus, I hold, that the dramatic artist, by the sustained and tireless exercise of his or her art, may prove of great assistance to the student, who, without knowledge of the stage, must frequently lose sight of the best qualities of dramatic poetry.

The "Winter's Tale," contrary to the expectations of all readers, has proved to be, not only interesting in a literary sense, but highly dramatic in its action, and much more than usually rich in episode. It was in this last quality that the play was most generally thought to be utterly deficient, and the insight of stage experience, training and study was required to make it apparent. The discovery of all the purely dramatic effects in any given work is not possible to the student who is not familiar with the art of acting in its best sense. Indeed, the author himself is frequently ignorant of the complete possibilities of his play. It is only the dramatic artist who can fully enlighten him, and by this enlightenment assist him to the creation of still greater effects.

An instance illustrating the power of the dramatic artist to suggest and bring out the meanings of the author where they have not been apparent to the reader or student, was made known in

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the Mounet-Sully production of "Hamlet" at the Theatre Française. It was the most wonderful production of Shakespeare ever known, not merely from the standpoint of splendor and outlay, but as viewed from the point of realistic suggestiveness. All Paris went to see it, and a great many people made the journey from London for the express purpose of witnessing the revival. I confess to having followed it, with eager interest, no less than eight times.

Reference to a single event in the representation will confer an idea of the remarkable skill shown in conveying the illusion intended by the author. In the first place, the curtain went up on a scene in which there was an atmospheric effect so skillfully devised as to suggest most vividly the blue-cold of a winter night in Denmark. For some moments there was silence on the stage, which was deserted. Then there was heard in the distance the clanking sound of a man in armor. The sound approached nearer and nearer, and then a guard appeared upon the scene, beating his hands and blowing his warm breath upon his fingers, in an apparent endeavor to restore his circulation. He crossed the stage without a word and disappeared. He could be heard receding in the distance, and finally came in sight again at the back of the stage.

All this was done before a word was spoken, and it was intended to show just what kind of night it was. In this the action was extremely successful. It brought out, pictorially, the poet's briefly-described conditions surrounding the opening of his play. There might be recalled a number of similar effects which were brought out in this same representation, but this single incident will serve to show the value of the dramatic artist's insight as a help to making clear the author's design, no matter how lightly it may have been touched by the writer.

The knowledge that makes possible this detection of meanings, sometimes written between the lines, comes through the training of the dramatic instinct that is the substructure upon which the actor builds his art. But, in the building, there is untold endeavor, and often bitter disappointment. There is nothing about the progress of a dramatic artist that is at all in the line of carelessness and ease. Every step carries one into more difficult paths, and an accidental triumph is robbed of half its pleasure.

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These, at first sight trivial elaborations, to which I have alluded, go to show that the merest trifles in dramatic art are worth the labor involved in their acquirement. And it is only through long and earnest effort, careful training, lofty thought and determined purpose, that the player of to-day has been raised from the shadow of the past, and finds himself no longer a vagabond, but a recognized artist, to whom the world is open.

The possibilities of the art are boundless to those who approach it with the proper motives, spurred by a fitting instinct. Such votaries may be of high or low degree. That matters nothing. But the person who steps upon the stage, from palace or hovel, in pursuit of notoriety or unearned gain, has no right to be admitted to the dramatic profession.

MARY ANDERSON.

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LETTERS TO PROMINENT PERSONS.

Farewell Words to the Secretary of State.

My Dear Secretary: It is precisely three years since I endeavored, by means of an open letter in The Review, to express my sense of the obligation under which you placed your countrymen when you consented to become the bulwark of the new administration. You must, I think, have recognized my sincerity, though a constitutional bias in favor of plain speaking has sometimes in similar cases defeated a kind intention. In offering yourself as sponsor for an unknown President, you exemplified the spirit in which a great nation loves to be served. You rejected the selfish persuasion that there was only one official station which could add to your fame, and accepted the uncongenial function of allaying popular anxiety. You doubtless anticipated many of the tribulations which commonly adhere to a vicarious sacrifice, and in cheerfully confronting them in behalf of the people you gave a most chivalrous construction to the motto of "noblesse oblige."

But the result has been very different from what you expected. The historian of current events who should assert that he failed to recall another instance where a great reputation was so quickly wasted as yours has been could not safely be accused of having a short memory. If such a declaration should be so altered as to read "recklessly wasted," it would at once become inaccurate and misleading. You have not been reckless in the dissipation of your fame, but cautious, rather, and circumspect. You seem to the dispassionate observer to have arranged your own eclipse with a careful attention to every detail of the obscuration; to have foreseen, and, indeed, to have brought about with elaborate pains, the circumstances of your own extinction. I know that this appearance of things is deceitful. You are not a deliberate suicide. You have ardently longed that your sun might

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never set, and it cannot be doubted that you will retire from public life with a bitter consciousness of having been unequal to the task that you assumed. You will not understand it, for you do not understand yourself. It is so many years since you imbibed the idea that you were a statesman of the first rank, and your countrymen so long insisted upon that estimate, that you will never quite realize the truth which is now apparent to every one else.

The country and not alone your own party was under the spell of the Bayard tradition. There may have been individuals in the halcyon past who had conceived the startling suspicion that the sedate and frigid Senator from Delaware was not much larger than his State, but if so they never divulged it. In the eyes of the people, without political distinction, you were a noble and notable figure. The whisper of your name in connection with the Presidency was heard for many successive years with an incredulous smile, but the incredulity testified to an accurate estimate of the blind guides of the party which your membership illustrated and was not in the least degree a reflection upon yourself. Indeed, so partial was the judgment of your fellow men, that the most ardent of your political adversaries were always reminded by your affiliation with Democracy of Shakespeare's jeweled toad. If your party could have been prevailed upon to nominate you, and if so remarkable a selection should have been ratified at the polls, it would have been universally acknowledged that for the second time good had come out of Nazareth, and your compatriots would have felt a pleasurable thrill of pride and satisfaction at the apotheosis of hereditary virtue.

Do not misunderstand me to say, Mr. Secretary, that your countrymen have ever regarded you with affection, or with reverence, which implies affection. That is an emotion which you never evoked. Nor, in truth, was awe precisely the sentiment that you inspired. It has been said that Daniel Webster occasionally appeared to his contemporaries as Moses appeared to the Israelites, "as he emerged from the dark clouds and thick smoke of Sinai, his face all radiant with the breath of divinity." You, sir, never so shone upon mankind. Your admirers, among whom I used to take peculiar pleasure in considering myself enrolled, were, fortunately, never called upon to stand and deliver a reason for the faith that was in them. You are not yet old, and it is only a short time since you were young, but for all practical pur-

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poses you had been handed down to us from antiquity, and there was not a human being so profane as to invalidate your nimbus.

Four years have now elapsed since you condescended to be monopolized by a portfolio, for it was not later than January, 1885, when you became aware that Grover Cleveland had determined to make you the instrument of his own immortality. Three months later you were seated in the chair of Seward, with the approbation of the American people, and from that coign of vantage you forthwith began to survey the world, and prepare to open your oyster. The nations of the earth had schooled themselves against surprise at the irruption of representative functionaries from the United States, and had generally avoided all manifestations of alarm; but you succeeded in startling more than one of them out of the composure which befits great kings and commonwealths. I shall not arouse painful memories, some of which have been so long asleep that it is better to give them the benefit of the doubt and assume that they are dead, by anything more precise than an allusion to the wonderful diplomatic discoveries that you made when you turned your double convex lens upon the Democratic cohorts in search of patriots who were willing to leave their native land for a term of years. The collection which you made and subsequently dispersed over the face of the earth, bore such witness to the possibilities of our soil and climate as not even the Paris Exposition had been able to furnish. That famous orchid, Keiley Virginiensis, was perhaps your most conspicuous "find," but others were not less skilfully unearthed and were more successfully transplanted.

But the discovering of ministers and consuls and the shipping of them to foreign parts was scarcely more than a diversion of your leisure moments, and so soon as a convenient opportunity offered you took up the serious business of instructing mankind in the science of statesmanship. The climate of Beverly, Mass., could not have agreed with the English diplomat who put his head through a noose last summer and has lately gone home with its impress. So long as he remained in Washington he was entirely equal, not only to his obligations, but also to his opportunities. Before you had been three months in office he had taken a more accurate measure of the Secretary of State than your countrymen had ever been able to obtain. In the game that you cheerfully sat down to play for the rights and dignities of American fisher-

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men you held all the best cards; but the British Minister, greatly to his credit and in perfect accordance with what was expected of him by Her Majesty's government, played his hand "to the queen's taste," and before you knew it, you had become disastrously involved. Let me do myself the pleasure and you the justice to say that you afterwards seemed to realize for a brief period the magnitude of the stakes, and made what appeared to be a manly and vigorous effort to extricate yourself. In the spring and summer of 1886 you used such expressions as these in referring to the wanton insolence of Canada: "Such proceedings I conceive to be flagrantly violative of the reciprocal commercial privileges to which citizens of the United States are lawfully entitled." "I earnestly protest against this unwarranted withholding of lawful commercial privileges from an American vessel and her owners, and for the loss and damage consequent thereon the government of Great Britain will be held liable." "Against this treatment I make instant and formal protest." "These are flagrant violations of treaty rights of their citizens, for which the United States expect prompt remedial action by Her Majesty's government." But these spasmodic throes were soon over, and you relapsed into that placid indulgence of the British Minister's propensities with which you had begun a year before the still unfinished game for the fisheries.

The chief trouble with you, my dear secretary, has been, from first to last—excepting only the short lucid interval to which allusion has been made—that you have conceived the whole dispute in the wrong light, and persisted in regarding it from the wrong point of view. You have persevered in the conviction that the American people would make room for one more laurel on your crowded brow, if only you succeeded in coaxing Canada into the gratuitous concession of a few trifling privileges; whereas, what the American people have been demanding all along was the resumption of ancient rights. You have constantly adhered to the position, if not to the belief, that our original title was to nothing at all, and that anything beyond this was an acquisition. It is immaterial to the country, though not to yourself, whether your fault has been perversity of purpose or obliquity of vision, but I for one shall be willing to let you plead guilty to a defect instead of a crime, if you ever betray a disposition to apply for that spiritual solace which is said to go hand in hand with confes-

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sion. Let us then suppose that you were unable to see straight when the British Minister came to you in the early summer of 1885, with his bland assurance of a tender solicitude for the poor American fisherman, taken unawares at the opening of the season, and remitted to the untender mercies of the Treaty of 1818 by the cruel abrogation of the Treaty of Washington. This disinterested act of friendship produced such a profound impression upon your mind and made itself so entirely at home among the fibres of your heart that you forthwith shook off the trammels of a bigoted American Congress, kept the fishery clauses in operation during the summer, pledged yourself to an arbitration, declared yourself unfettered by the law of the land, advised the President against employing the retaliatory powers bestowed upon him, retained your serenity while more than four hundred American vessels were outraged and plundered, appointed yourself a plenipotentiary to negotiate a new treaty, placed yourself at the disposal of the astute and obliging Mr. Chamberlain, put your hand and seal to a document which surrendered a whole loaf in exchange for a few crumbs, applauded the President's phenomenal somersault after your work had been rejected, and expressed regret that you had not furnished him with a longer spring-board. The fact that you were never able to grasp the underlying principle of the American contention, namely, that of a tenancy in common, is the more remarkable since you had for so many years stood with Senator Saulsbury in precisely that relation to the State of Delaware. It is strange that the analogy never occurred to you. A few of the molecules whom you have not been in the habit of taking into account except in connection with the census have ranged themselves on your side, but you are almost the only great man who has failed to see the point.

As a rule, treaties of peace are valuable chiefly because the timely violation of them furnishes a convenient pretext for going to war. But we may be allowed to hope that the rule does not hold good as regards England and the United States, and it is an infinite pity that you chose to embark your fame in a fiasco when a becoming manifestation of firmness and sagacity might have been followed by a perpetual treaty of commerce and transportation, which would have made your record even more illustrious than your descent. Would it not have been worth an effort of the

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understanding and the will to have succeeded in hastening the day when a vast alliance of English-speaking peoples, standing side by side and watching the insolent aggressions of dynastic pride, calmly and peacefully, but in tones that weigh a thousand million tons, shall say, Hands off! You might so easily have perpetuated the control of your party, and it is not absurd even to imagine that in some happy summer that we now shall never see a Democratic convention might have assured you of its most distinguished consideration and invited you to go up higher. As things have turned out, you and other confiding creatures stood up together before the people only a few weeks ago and asked in unison, like the intruder in the play, "Is our presence agreeable to you?" Whereat, the people shouted: "No! Your absence is very precious to us."

The accidental employment of the term "insolent aggressions," a moment ago, suggests that this is as good a place as any for an allusion to the most affecting melodrama which an American diplomat has ever put upon the stage. The scene was laid in Samoa, and you cast yourself for the part of first walking gentleman. There has been considerable doubt from the rise of the curtain, whether you ever learned your lines. May I venture to act as prompter and give you the cue?

The Samoan Islands are a lovely oasis in the lonely waste of the South Pacific. Picturesque, fertile, resourceful, they have for a decade allured the eyes of three great nations, and of these the United States was the first to embody in a formal treaty a reciprocal interest and attachment. It was in 1878 that the Administration of President Hayes made a treaty with King Malietoa, which guaranteed to us the privileges which we desired, and to him the recognition which he was sanguine enough to regard as the pledge of his stability. At the beginning of the following year he entered into a commercial convention with Germany, and six months later bound himself by a similar instrument to England. The new zeal for colonizing with which Prince Bismarck had inspired the German people, found one of its earliest outlets in Samoa, and subsequent events lead inevitably to the conclusion that he designed his compact with Malietoa to bear such fruitage as that blameless king had never dreamed of. A German trading house had already acquired such a foothold in the islands as to serve the purposes of diplomacy when-

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ever the time seemed ripe, through the secret channels of intrigue and the public pretence of vested rights. In 1884 Prince Bismarck conceived that the moment had arrived for the application of a firm, but gentle pressure, and the Samoan King put his name to a treaty which he almost immediately repudiated as having been signed under duress, and which England and the United States refused to consider binding. Two years later the South Pacific delimitation treaty between England and Germany declared Samoa neutral territory, but in the interval Prince Bismarck had prompted his consular and mercantile agents to a line of conduct which aroused the fears and the susceptibilities of the Samoans, and grossly outraged the dignity of their king; so that when in the spring of 1886 a German squadron steamed into the harbor of Apia, no one, except perhaps yourself, was surprised, and least of all the creature Tamasese, who had been incited to rebellion by Dr. Stuebel, the German consul, and Mr. Weber, the German tradesman. This parade of power was not the first overt act, but it was the most imposing demonstration in the long series of wanton outrages which have resulted in the capture and deportation of King Malietoa by Germany, in a devastating civil war, and in an exhibition of exasperating and perfidious imbecility on the part of the United States to which I am proud to say there are few parallels in our history. In abandoning King Malietoa to the vengeance of the German Government, and American interests in Samoa to the well-defended cupidity of German tradesmen, you have laid yourself open to the charge of every weakness save only that of vacillation. Your worst enemy cannot pretend that your descent to Avernus has not been swift, easy and uninterrupted. You have now and then exercised your powers of fluent composition by dictating dispatches to the American minister at Berlin, and further cultivated the amenities of diplomatic intercourse by suave and dulcet deprecations and assurances addressed to a conference of the three powers assembled in Washington at your instance. But so far from tying the hands of Prince Bismarck you did not even perplex him, nor succeed in delaying for an hour the accomplishment of his designs. The country may never know just how far he permitted you to understand the situation, and it is certainly impossible at this moment to say whether he was relying upon your ignorance or

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your good nature. He had much to say about the "status quo," but the status quo to which he referred existed in his own mind, and not in Samoa. Nor is it now material to him or to us whether or not he showed you his own hand after a careful inspection of yours. The world is aware that he won the game without losing a single trick.

Samoa is far away, and it is even remoter in the mind than on the map, but the story of Malietoa's martyrdom is pathetic enough to find its way into every uncorrupted heart the world over. The melancholy record of monarchs sold and snared into captivity during all the ages presents no more affecting picture. We have no need to rely upon second-hand descriptions, nor even upon the vivid narrative of Mr. W. L. Rees, the legal adviser of the Samoan government, in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century*, for the king has told the tale himself. On the day before he went aboard the German man-of-war he addressed one proclamation "To all Samoa" and another to the American consul. In the first he bade his kindred and his people farewell. "On account of my great love to my country and my great affection to all Samoa," he said, "this is the reason that I deliver up my body to the German Government," and "because I do not desire that again the blood of Samoa shall be spilt for me," though he knew not what his offence was. To Mr. Sewall, the consul who executed your wishes in Samoa, the king repeated, in language so simple that not even an American diplomatist could misunderstand it, some very bitter truths. He told how, when it would have been easy to crush the rebels, he refrained because the English and American consuls so advised him. He reminded him of promises solemnly made and lightly broken; nor in his extremity did he forget to pray that they might yet be kept for the sake of his people. A brave man surrendering to force to save others from a death which would have been welcome to himself, is a spectacle which is not often seen in these degenerate days. Malietoa was a heroic figure, and possibly it is not too late for a Christian gentleman to learn a lesson of fortitude and devotion from a savage monarch.

Thus far I have presumed to remind you of the guise in which you have appeared upon the stage of action when the rest of the dramatis personæ were the representatives of one or both of two great powers, and I believe that I have already completed the cate-

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gory of your performances under those conditions. It is scarcely worth while to allude to the extradition treaty which Mr. Phelps skillfully negotiated with Her Majesty's Government in London, for the American Minister was considerate enough to close that transaction without making an inconvenient draft upon your resources. Moreover, the country has lately been in considerable doubt as to the precise attitude of the Administration towards that instrument, and it might perhaps annoy you needlessly if I were to assume that you had ever staked your reputation upon it. Nor would it be important to do more than allude, in passing, to several minor examples of the way in which it is possible for an American Secretary of State to discharge the functions of his office, were it not for the fact that they help to verify an interesting theory to which I may presently invite your attention.

Somewhat to the surprise of your countrymen, you took a lively interest in the fortunes of Mr. Cutting, of Mexico and the United States, and in your attempts to befriend that contumacious journalist you suffered numerous mishaps, which if they had befallen any one who was employed in some department of human activity less venerable and majestic that that of statecraft would certainly have produced Homeric laughter. As it was certain lewd fellows of the baser sort found it hard to confine themselves within the limits of decorum, and would have found it still harder had not the extraordinary rapidity with which your representatives succumbed to the climate of Mexico suggested the possibility that in the swift process of rotation your choice might at any moment fall upon them. Your singular passion for Mr. Cutting seems to have been inflamed by the ingenuity with which he manipulated the border. To print a libel on our side of the line and peddle it on their's appeared to you nothing less than genius. You have always pinned your faith to the doctrine of heredity, but in this case you magnanimously acknowledged that those unfortunates who have nothing more than intellect to fall back on are entitled to the benefits of diplomatic intervention.

Under somewhat similar circumstances you embraced the slender chance of delivering a couple of gallant Mohammedans of ancient lineage from the clutches of that misguided potentate, the Sultan of Morocco, by sending a couple of slow but ambitious cruisers—one apiece for the Mohammedans—to the coast of

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Africa. A cold and calculating world has forgotten what became of this enterprise, but I entertain such a cheering hope that it may not have faded from your own recollection that I cannot prevail upon myself to refrain from alluding to the chivalrous spirit in which you conceived your duty on that occasion. Earthly distinction is a poor thing, but when, once perhaps in a lifetime, "that happy day on which the gods have smiled" has fairly dawned, it must be glorious to feel that a beautiful emotion need not expend itself in heart-beats, but may instantly enjoy the blessed privilege of wreaking itself in immortal deeds.

And now we come to Hayti, whither a large part of our navy has preceded us. Perchance your anxiety for the Black Republic was warmed into a glow by the presence of its aged ruler, the incomparable Salomon, within our borders en route for Paris, with the traces of long care upon his visage, and the rewards of toil about his person. It was a sight well fitted to arouse your benignant sympathy with the unhappy people whom his departure had bereft, and when in due course a pair of Haytian patriots began their disinterested struggle for the archives and whatsoever else remained in sight, you prepared to concentrate upon their varying fortunes that restless gaze which you had hitherto suffered to wander up and down the earth. It so happened that at this very moment a campaign which was to set the seal of immortality upon your achievements was in progress here at home. An unbridled and ungodly press had stooped to insinuate that there was a subtle relation between the course of events in the Island of Hayti and the hum of activity which pervaded the navy yards of the United States during the weeks which immediately preceded the election. The visible relation was merely such as might be expected to exist between a great, strong, enlightened and prosperous nation, whose honor and dignity had been committed to your care and keeping, and a small, weak, ignorant and bankrupt spot of earth, for whose assets two rabbles were conducting one of their periodical contentions. A Secretary of State, who was capable of construing his duty less rigidly than yourself, might have been satisfied to exalt his office and his country by a display of that "proud repose which is the well-knit vestment of authority," and so indeed might you, is the asseveration of your enemies, had it not been for the kind coincidence that the election was close at hand, and that thousands of

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your fellow-citizens were out of a job. Experience had taught you that, however the case may be with a Scotchman and his joke, it does not require a surgical operation to get a political revelation into the head of an impartial American citizen, nor the right sort of a ballot into his hand. A dollar and a half a day will accomplish the desired result every time, if only good judgment be shown in the selection of the beneficiaries. The necessity was pressing, and you could not wait for that reasonable solution of the difficulties involved in the seizure of an American steamer, which was freely offered when the aggressors submitted to the arbitration of the aggrieved. With a rare and beautiful enthusiasm which will long embellish the records of his office the Secretary of the Navy responded to your imperial aspiration, and it was neither your fault nor his that the country was not saved in the way you had appointed.

And this, my dear secretary, comes sufficiently near to exhausting the list of your diplomatic masterpieces. If, as I dare to hope, you should confer upon me the distinction of beguiling a fragment of the prolonged leisure which is about to overtake you, by a casual glance at these pages, the thought may possibly occur to your mind which has occurred to others, and to which I have already made allusion. When you have laid off the cares of state and retired to the commonwealth which is soon to make the rash experiment of attempting to exist without your assistance, I cannot doubt that you will gradually come to survey the events of the last four years with the clear and impartial vision of posterity. You will then discover, perhaps to your amazement, I trust to your mortification, that your thunderbolts have been hurled against only weak and helpless members of the family of nations, and that your comity has been reserved exclusively for the great and powerful. This reflection, whether it disturb your tranquillity or not, will humiliate your countrymen. They will remember with shame that you helped England to all she wanted in the North Atlantic, and Germany to more than she had asked for in the South Pacific; and that these acts of pure benevolence were diversified by ignoble demonstrations of national pride and prowess so often as your contemplation turned upon the the struggling sovereignties of Mexico and Samoa, of Hayti and Morocco.

The country beheld your rise to greatness with approbation,

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but not with sympathy, and it will follow your retreat into oblivion with glad but not vindictive eyes. You were never blessed with friendships, and you are doomed to make the rest of your pilgrimage without admirers. You have been tried by many public reverses, and, as I seek for some expression fitly to discriminate the emotion with which you are remembered, my thoughts recur to one of the final touches which the great painter of men and manners put upon the most pathetic picture in modern literature. Comparing George the Third to King Lear, Thackeray borrowed these lines from Shakespeare :

> "Vex not his ghost, oh let him pass, he hates him
> That would upon the rack of this tough world
> Stretch him out longer."

ARTHUR RICHMOND.

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WIT AND HUMOR---OLD AND NEW.

MAN has been termed the "laughing animal" to distinguish him from the quadruped creation. No other animal has the facial and other muscles which are essential to the expression of laughter, and the fact that the only being fully sensible of the miseries of life should also be the only one capable of laughing at them, has been adduced by an eminent divine as convincing proof of the benevolence of the Creator. Placed here, "between two eternities," we are apt, if we take too sombre a view of things, to become, like Mr. Carlyle, unpleasantly conscious that we have a stomach, or, if we are sheared a little closely by misfortune, to grow over-sensitive to the "chill airs of adversity." The "shorn lamb" needs to have the wintry wind tempered by gentle breezes of laughter. Therefore, it is wise to laugh, and Joe Miller is right when he says that the gravest beast is an ass, and the gravest man a fool.

This opinion of the famous jester is in accord with Plato, who is reported to have remarked to his friends, when their social enjoyment was occasionally intruded upon by the approach of some sedate wiseacre, "Silence, my friends, let us be wise now, for a fool is coming." Other notable characters, if not themselves witty, have sought relief from the strain of serious employment by a laugh, and innocent merriment. Philip of Macedon, Sylla, the Roman Dictator, Queen Elizabeth and our own Abraham Lincoln, keenly enjoyed a good joke, while Julius Cæsar, Tacitus, Erasmus and Lord Bacon compiled jest books. Even St. Paul could invent and enjoy a humorous pun; in proof of which see Galatians v. 12, in the original. So, there is high authority for jesting, and a jest is merely petrified laughter—a laugh congealed into words, so as to be passed from mouth to mouth and handed down to future generations.

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When man began to jest is uncertain, but he probably began to laugh soon after he was created. His first utterance, now, is a cry, then, he tries his untrained risibilities with a smile, and then, when he has gotten the muscles of his glottis well under control, he breaks into a laugh; and he keeps on alternately laughing and crying from his cradle to his grave, and for this reason Byron has styled him "a pendulum betwixt a smile and a tear." This must have been the order from the beginning—first the smile, then the laugh, and then the jest, though Charles Lamb maintains that "jokes came in with candles." "What savage, unsocial nights," he exclaims, "must our ancestors have passed, wintering in caves and unillumined fastnesses! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark! What repartees could have passed when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbor's cheek to be sure he understood you!"

This ought to settle the great antiquity of jokes, for Lamb is good authority on the subject, having been himself an inveterate joker. But all history bears witness to the fact that they are as old as Diogenes, whose life was one long jest, barbed with a sneer and a snarl. Many jokes are alive among us to-day that must have come into being before the De Levis family, one of whose ancestors is represented, in a famous picture, as going into Noah's ark with the archives of that famous house under his arm. Wendell Phillips declared that there were never more than twenty-five original "good stories," and that all now in existence could be traced back to them. This, if true of stories, is probably not equally true of jokes, though many of them that are arrayed in modern garb, and speaking a modern language, do display, when looked at closely, the features of the ancient joker who flourished long before type was invented.

To Hierocles, who lived in the sixth century, is attributed a book called "Asteia," which contains twenty-one jests, the most of which are now alive, and passing themselves off as "real, original Jacobs." Among them is the man who would not venture into the water until he had learned to swim; the one whose horse died just as he had taught it how to live without eating; the other who stood before a mirror with his eyes shut, to see how he looked when asleep; the other who apologized for a negligence by saying "I never received the letter you wrote me;" the other who kept a crow ex-

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pressly to satisfy himself if the creature did live to the age of two hundred years; and the old philosopher who carried a brick about as a specimen of the house he desired to sell. But, older than Hierocles—old as Horace—is the stupid fellow, who, wanting to cross a stream, sat down upon the bank to wait for all the water to run by. Says Horace:

> "The clown awaits until the flood be gone:
> It glides and whirls for ages ever on."

Diogenes, when questioned as to what kind of wine he preferred, replied, "The wine of other people;" and a modern Englishman, when asked the same question, answered, "The O. P. brand." The French king who said "After me, the deluge," was thought to be original, but the phrase is found in the Greek of two thousand years ago; as is also the proverb, "There is many a slip between the cup and the lip," which was the appropriate inscription upon the drinking cup of a rich Greek. Every one knows the lady who insists that her age is but thirty, and whose friend asserts that he believes her, because he has heard her say so "any time these ten years." Bacon, in his "Apophthegms," asserts that the same anecdote is told of Cicero. One of the best things related of Sheridan is that, being at a public dinner, where no clergyman was present, he was asked to say grace, and that, rising, he exclaimed, "What! no clergyman present? Thank God for all things." This was thought to be impromptu, but it is as old as the hills, and not half so good as a grace said a few years ago by a small boy who was confined in the New York Tombs. To train the little prisoners in godly ways, the matron required some one of them to ask a blessing upon each of their meals, which were served up in deep wooden bowls. It coming this little fellow's turn, he bowed his head and demurely said:

> "Lord, bless this grub,
> Served up in a tub."

Demosthenes, being accused of cowardice because he had fled from an Athenian mob, answered, "He that runs may fight again," and Goldsmith merely paraphrased this remark in the couplet:

> "He who fights and runs away,
> May live to fight another day."

The same had been previously reproduced by Erasmus, in his

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"Latin Apophthegms," and by Butler in "Hudibras." In like manner, many of Coleridge's finest epigrams are merely translations from the Greek. The germ of Douglas Jerrold's witty remark, "It is better to be witty and wise than witty and otherwise," is to be found in a jest book entitled "Conceits," published in 1639. In the same book, is the oft-repeated joke of a man named Gun, who, being brought before a magistrate for slanderous speaking, was admonished by him to give a good report in the future. It is said that Edmund Kean, having played at a Scotch theatre, was offered by the manager a dram of whisky in a very small goblet. Said the manager, "It's the real mountain dew—it will never hurt you." "I'll be sworn it wouldn't," replied Kean, "if it were vitriol." Athenæus, who wrote in the second century, had the same idea: "Small glasses have always been obnoxious to large drinkers." Porson was once told of a gentleman who had left a large fortune to a certain clergyman, whom he had never seen but once. "It would not have happened if he had seen him twice," remarked Porson. The idea was borrowed from a very old epigram.

A circus clown, only the other day, advertised to take the State of Rhode Island in a flying leap. Scaliger tells of a courtier who, being ordered by the Queen of Navarre to quit her dominions, replied, "Madam, I will be out of them within the hour." Peter Pindar only gave a new point to a very old joke when he said of George III., whom he had mercilessly satirized, "If I have not been a good subject to the King, his Majesty has been a good subject to me." Lord Stowell, being once asked if he had attended church, replied: "No, for the bishop tells me there is no room—the old house is full." It is reported of Judge Austin, of Ohio, a leading member in a Methodist society, that, on a wretched wreck of a man applying to him for admission to his church, he replied: "We can't possibly take you in—we are full, but I guess you'll find room over there with the Baptists." Horace Walpole remarks that the best bull he ever heard was that of a man who, speaking of a certain nurse, said: "I hate that woman, for she changed me when I was a child." Walpole had probably read "Don Quixote," whose Sancho Panza makes the same remark. It is related of the Rev. Dr. Hawks that, hinting on a certain occasion to his vestry that his salary was inadequate to the support of his family, he was reminded that the Lord promises to feed the

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young ravens. "True, answered the reverend Doctor; "but he says nothing about the young hawks." If the eloquent Doctor ever said this, he had probably read of the pious Samuel Hearn, who, when dying, comforted his wife by saying: "Peace, sweetheart; that God who feedeth the ravens will not starve the young herons."

Resemblance does not always indicate direct paternity, though, when a time-honored joke reappears in the pages of a scholar, we are forced to conclude that he has borrowed it from its old author. But the case is different when the joke is reproduced by some illiterate person who is unacquainted with classical and black-letter literature. Then comes in the universal principle that "like causes produce like results." The sense of the ludicrous, existing in all men, is excited, and finds similar expression when acted on by similar circumstances. I was forcibly struck with the truth of this on seeing, recently, for the first time, an old anecdote in the pages of an American magazine. The anecdote relates that a country fellow (that had not walked much in streets that were paved,) came to London, where a dog came suddenly out of a house and furiously ran at him. The fellow stooped to take up a stone to cast at the dog, and finding them all fast rammed, or paved in the ground, quoth he: "What strange country am I in? where the people tie up the stones and let the dogs loose."

This story is probably more than two hundred years old; but what it relates occurred, almost literally, to a Confederate prisoner whom I met at Camp Douglas, in 1864. He was the poorest sort of a "poor white man," and could neither read nor write, but had a reputation among his comrades of being a "humorous fellow." On one occasion he escaped from the prison, and after wandering about the streets of Chicago till he was nearly famished, he came upon a baker's wagon, standing in front of a provision store. There being no one in sight, and deeming it better to steal than to starve, he thrust his hand into the wagon to confiscate a loaf of bread; but, before he had secured one, a dog sprang out from the wagon and seized him by the slack of his trousers. In the struggle that followed both he and the dog rolled over in the gutter together, and then he tried to pull up a paving stone to brain the animal. The stone refused to come up, but he managed, finally, to get away with badly damaged trousers. He took

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then a bee-line back to Camp Douglas, and applied to the commandant for readmission to his former quarters, saying to him that it was not safe to go at large "in a kentry whar they let loose the dogs and tie up the paving stones."

But original wit and humor can generally be easily distinguished from the borrowed article. The "original Jacobs" has a fresh, free, spontaneous air about it, while the counterfeit fellow, and indeed nearly all of what may be termed "literary wit," is labored and smells of the "midnight oil." Sheridan, who was considered the finest wit of his century, is said to have worked over his witticisms as if they had been parliamentary speeches or state papers. It is known that his famous description of Dundas, as one who "generally resorts to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts," was cast into half a dozen different forms before it assumed the one in which it is now stereotyped. The saying may have been true of Dundas; it was unquestionably true of Sheridan.

Genuine, spontaneous, unstudied wit and humor probably do not anywhere exist to so great an extent, or in such abounding variety, as in this country. As evidence of this, I need only refer to the humorous columns of our country newspapers. The fact is accounted for by the intense activity of the American mind, and by our population being composed of people of every race and nationality. They retain, here, their race characteristics, and so we have among us the wit and humor of nearly every other nation. The Irish-American is undoubtedly the most witty; the native Yankee and backwoodsman, the most humorous; but these two qualities pervade the whole of our literature, and it is probable that some of our novelists, who have created none but characterless men, and silly, insipid women, have had their productions saved from dying at birth, by the mere possession of a thin vein of humor. Humor flavors a book as Worcester sauce flavors a dinner; and, though the dinner be poor, it is sometimes rendered palatable by the condiments.

The most noted wits of recent times have been Irishmen, and I believe it to be true that the Irish are the most witty of all people. This excess of wit may be given them on the same principle that the ability to laugh is bestowed on mankind in general—as compensation for the misgovernment and misery their country has endured throughout its history. We seldom meet an Irish-

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man who is not witty ; even the unlettered and ignorant have a quickness at repartee, and a sharpness of intellect, which are at their command on the most sudden emergencies. A field officer once ordered an Irish private to go to his captain and tell him that he—the private—was the laziest rascal in the regiment. "Plase, yer Honor," responded Pat, "wud ye hev me go to the captain wid a lie in my mouth ?"

When the late James Harper was Mayor of New York, the police force was under the direct control of that official, and it was the custom of Mr. Harper to consider personally all applications for service in that department. In addition to other requisite qualifications, he required that the applicant should be able to read and write; and, to test his ability to do this, he kept a book in which he required the candidate to write his name when applying for the position. An Irishman—which, his name it was Patrick Murphy—who could neither read nor write, aspired to a position on the "perlisse," and hearing of this requirement he set himself hard to work to learn how to write his own name. By dint of constant labor he was soon able to scrawl it in the style of chirography known as "coarse-hand," and then he presented himself before the Mayor. Some of Pat's friends were present on the occasion, who considered his pretentions ridiculous. He quietly made his application, and then, the book being placed before him, he proceeded very deliberately, and much to the astonishment of his friends, to indite his cognomen. "Howly Paul," exclaimed one of them, "Mike, d'ye mind that—Pat's a-writing ! He's got a pen in his fist." "So he has, be Jabers," responded Mike, "but much good will it do him ; he can't write wid it, man." But Pat did write—recorded his name in characters almost as tall as himself. "That will do," said the Mayor, in his blandest manner. "I'll make inquiry about you. Come again in a fortnight, and I'll see what can be done for you." Pat's foiled friends looked at one another in unmingled amazement, but then a happy thought struck one of them. "Plase, yer Honor," he said to the Mayor, "ask him to write somebody else's name." "That is well thought of," responded Mr. Harper; "Patrick, write *my* name." Misther Murphy was now in a box, but his quick wit was equal to the emergency. "*Me* write yer Honor's name !" he exclaimed, in a sort of holy horror ; "me commit forgery, and I a-goin' on the

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perlisse! I can't do it, yer Honor." And he couldn't and he wouldn't, but his ready wit served him instead of literary accomplishment. Of course the Mayor saw through the ruse, but he dearly loved a joke, and he eventually made Mr. Murphy a star of the first magnitude. Up to the last of his life, Mr. Harper greatly enjoyed the telling of this story.

A dilapidated son of Erin was recently brought before a magistrate, charged with being a common vagrant, having no visible means of support. He listened to the charge placidly, and when the justice asked what he had to say for himself, coolly drew from the pockets of his tattered coat a loaf of bread, the half of a dried cod-fish, and several cold potatoes. Spreading them upon the stand before him, he said to the justice, with an air of great complacency, "What do you think of thim, yer honor—shoor, an' isn't thim visible means of support?"

The spontaneity of Irish wit was illustrated by the pauper woman, who, having lost all her teeth, and being commiserated with on the affliction, replied, "Shoor, an' isn't it time to lose thim, when I've nothing for thim to do?" Another aged Irishwoman made a remark worth noting. On the occurrence of a death in a family it is a custom of the Irish to invite all the neighbors to a wake over the corpse, but on a certain occasion this old lady was slighted. As the people went by to the ceremony she stood in her doorway for a while in silence, but then, no longer able to restrain her indignation, she cried out, "Well! Well! I'll have a corpse of my own, in my own house, some day! and thin you'll see who'll be invited." Something like this, was a joke attributed to the eminent Dr. Garth, who attended the great Duke of Marlborough in his last illness. He was not an Irishman, but his ready wit entitled him to that distinction. He had prescribed for the Duke a very unpalatable potion, and the termagant Duchess, who sincerely loved her husband, joined her entreaties to his that the Duke should take it. "Take it," she exclaimed, with much vehemence, "I'll be hanged if it doesn't cure you." "You'd better take it, my Lord," added the Doctor, "for you see you'll be the gainer, whether it kills or cures you."

The most characteristic expression of Irish wit is the bull, which may be defined as a laughable blunder, deriving its ludicrous effect from the sense working its way through a confused

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phraseology. Sydney Smith calls it the counterpart of a witticism; for, "while wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, the bull admits apparent relations that are not real." Many bulls conceal a good deal of truth in words whose literal rendering is the veriest nonsense. Thus, "Where will you find any modern building that has lasted so long as the ancient ones," is only a blundering way of saying that old things are often better than new, because the principle of "natural selection" has destroyed the bad and left only the good.

Sir Boyle Roche, a member of the Irish House of Commons, when Ireland had a Parliament, was a personification of this kind of Irish wit. He never opened his mouth without making a laughable blunder, and, consequently, he was listened to with attention, when often the eloquence of Curran and Grattan fell on the ears of the House unheeded. In a letter to a friend he once said: "At this very moment, my dear ——, I am writing with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other." Denouncing his opponents in Parliament on one occasion, he told them: "You are trying to raise a tempest, but I will nip it in the bud," and "Mr. Speaker, I would give the half of the constitution—nay, the whole of it—to preserve the remainder." He once spoke in severe terms of "a certain anonymous writer, named Junius," and again he said: "Single misfortunes never come alone, and the greatest of all misfortunes is usually followed by a greater."

The Western judge was an Irishman, who, when about to sentence a criminal, said to him, "Prisoner at the bar, God has given you health and a good constitution, instead of which you go about stealing horses." And the Irish coroner was perhaps a relative of his, who, while holding an inquest over a dead body, remarked to the jury, "A great many people are dying this year who never died before." Of the same kindred was the man who, while playing at cards, observed that a dollar was short in the pile. "Here is a dollar short," he said. "Who put it in?" Sir Richard Steele, the Irish friend of Addison, once inviting a friend to visit him in the country, said: "Sir, if you ever come within a mile of my house, I hope you will stop there." A peasant countryman of his, being indicted for stealing a goose, brought up a friend who testified that he had known that identical goose to be in the prisoner's possession ever since it was a gosling; and another Irishman, charged with confiscating a gun, got a friend to

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swear that he remembered his having that gun ever since it was a pistol; and another, describing a very lean man, remarked: "He's so thin I'd hardly know him. You are thin, and I'm thin, but he's thinner than both of us put together."

But the most striking bulls are those of a practical kind—when the unruly animal leaps the garden fence, and makes havoc among actual things. I have space for only one or two examples. One is related by Walter Scott in his "Tour in Ireland." Some workmen were blasting rock, near a road on which he was passing, and he halted his carriage at a safe distance, but was warned to go on, just in time to catch the full force of the explosion. His party escaped injury, but only as by a miracle. More disastrous consequences resulted from the practical bull of an Americanized Irishman, for it cost the City of New York some millions of dollars. When the Supreme Court of New York was held in the building which some years ago occupied the site of the present "New Court House," in the Park, the judges often suffered from the insufficient heating of the edifice. The furnace did not work properly, or was not fully supplied with fuel. At the close of a severe winter's day, when the judges had felt the cold more than usual, the presiding justice, Hon. John W. Edmonds, said to the janitor: "Mike, be sure to have the building warmer to-morrow." In the morning, the Judge found it burned to the ground, and many of the valuable papers it contained destroyed. "How did this happen, Mike?" he asked the janitor. "Shoor, an' I can't tell yer Honor," was the answer, "for everything was shut up snug and tight. I was bound you shouldn't be wanting heat to-day, so I built a rousing fire, and closed every register, that not a bit of warmth would get away in the night. But, when I came down airly this morning, faith, and wasn't it all ablaze! How could it have been, yer Honor, whin I left never a hole for the heat to get away?"

The latest practical bull I have heard of occurred at a fashionable hotel near which I pass my summers. During the last season, the porter, having been told over night to awaken a couple of gentlemen at four o'clock the next morning, did that service to the wrong travelers. After anathematizing him rather vehemently, the gentlemen turned over in their beds, and fell into a second slumber. In about half an hour, they were again awak-

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ened by the same porter, who had come to apologize for having "woke up the wrong passengers."

A good trait in the Irish is that they are good-natured, and neither deny, nor are ashamed of the blunders they commit. The quarter-master of a British regiment of Light Horse, of heavy frame and giant proportions, was once jeering an Irishman upon the bull-making propensity of his countrymen, when he received for answer: "You gigantic fool! My country never made so much of a bull as England did when she made you a *light* horseman."

But, if the Irish are the most witty, it must be conceded that Americans are the most humorous of people. The freedom of our institutions gives full play to every man's faculties, and the magnitude of our country—bounded, as it is, "on the north by the Aurora Borealis, on the east by the rising sun, on the west by the horizon, and on the south by as far as you have a mind to go"—seems to expand the native intellect, and awake in it that spirit of exaggeration which is so essential an element in broad humor. The highest wit is said to be "wisdom at play," and it is gentle and genial, exciting only pleasure by its curious conceits and ludicrous surprises. That is a lower kind which Alphonse Karr defines as "reason armed," raising a laugh, but leaving a sting behind. It is different with humor. It never wounds. It is ever kind and loving, as well as laughable. Carlyle says of it, "The essence of humor is sensibility—warm, tender fellow-feeling with all forms of existence." Wit requires a strong, clear head, and results often from laborious effort, while humor flows from a good, sound heart, and comes only by nature. Hence, I suppose, it is that we soon tire of "Hudibras," while we read over and over again Hosea Bigelow, and Knickerbocker's "History of New York."

Nearly all good American literature is flavored with humor, but it does not appear, like wit, in terse sentences and detached paragraphs, that may be readily quoted; it generally pervades the whole of a composition, and, therefore, cannot be shown, like the specimen brick of the old philosopher. And it is not confined to literature; it mingles with the daily life of the people, and is to be found in the cabin of the laborer as well as in the palace of the man who counts his wealth by millions. However, it is, I think, more generally racy and unborrowed when

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found in the cabin than in the palace, for the uneducated man is of necessity more original than the man who has had all his idiosyncrasies toned down by intercourse with cultivated society. I once met a "small planter" in Western Tennessee, who I thought was as largely endowed with genuine humor as any of our professional humorists. He could not write, nor read manuscript; but he had an inexhaustible fund of humorous anecdote with which he regaled me till after midnight. Much of it, I was satisfied, was manufactured on the spot, for his wife and children enjoyed it as much as I did, and that they would not have done if they had heard it before.

I had asked shelter of him from a severe storm, and, after supper, when we had gathered about a huge wood fire I asked him to tell me something about himself and his way of living, addressing him, as I had heard his family do, by the name of "Bible." It was many years ago, but I can repeat his remarks with tolerable accuracy, having taken notes of them soon after the interview. "Well, stranger," he said; "that haint my name, though its what I goes by. Ye see, my name are Smith, and dad chrisund me Jehosophat, ter 'stinguish me from the tother Smiths, but somehow it got shortened to Bible, an' it's been unter this day. Well, I wucked 'long uv of dad till I was twenty-one, for the old 'un he said he'd fotched me up when I was a young 'un, and he war to git his pay out of me agin I war growed an'—he done it.

"Well, the day I war uv age, dad axed me out ter the barn, and toteing out a mule-brute as had been in the fambly ever sense Adam warn't no higher'n little Sally, he sez ter me, sez he: 'Thar, Bible, thar's my last will and testament—tuck it, and go and seek yer fortun'.' I hadn't nary chise, so I tuck the mule-brute and moseyed out to seek my fortun'. I squatted down right squar onter this dead run, hired my nig Jake, and me an' Jake an' the mule brute went to wuck like blazes—all but the mule-brute—he war too tarnal lazy ter wuck; he war so lazy I had to git another mule ter help him draw his last breath.

"Well, Jake and me added acre to acre, and mule-brute to mule-brute, as the Scriptur says, till finarly I got to be right well forehanded. Then, one day, I says ter Jake: 'Jake,' says I, 'ye's got a wife, an' ye knows whot durmestic furlicity is—ter be sure, ye has ter keep it seven mile away, an' it b'longs tur a durned 'ristocrat, but whot's that when I guvs ye Saturday arternoons an'

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Sundays all ter yerself—now, I haint nary furlicity at all: whot shill I do?'

"'Git a wife, massa,' sez Jake; 'git a wife, massa. But dars mighty fine fish in de sea, massa; so doan't ye kotch no dolphins what shows dar colors in de sun, but neber comes ter de sufface when it rains. Saddle de mar', massa, and gwo out on a 'splorin' expedition; Jake'll luck after de fixin's while you'm away.' Now that nig ar' allers right—he's got a head longer 'n the moral law—so I saddled the mar' an' sallied out arter Sally. I had to scour nigh 'bout all o' creation, but—I found her. Soon as I sot eyes on her I know'd it was she, and I telled her so; but she say, 'Ye must ax Par.' (Sally has book-breedin', ye see, an' she says *Par* instead of *Dad*, which ar' the natural way. Well, I axed 'par.' He's one on yer quality folks—been ter Congress, an' only missed bein' Guv'ner by not gettin' the nomurnation. I axed him, an' he schuck his head, but I guv him just a week ter think on it, an' moseyed out ter git ready fur the weddin'. I know'd he'd come round, an' he done it. So I sez ter Sally: 'Sally,' sez I, 'we'll be marrid ter-morrer.'

"Sally consented, and I piked out for a parson. Now, thar warn't none nigher'n over a branch, an it so happened it rained loike blazes that night and toted off all the bridges; so, when the parson and me got down ter the run, jist arter noon the next day—we was ter be married at eleven—thar warn't no way uv crossin'; but, thar wus Sally on tother side uv the run in her sun-bunnet and a big umbrell', onpatiently waitin' fur us. There warn't no other way, so I sez to the parson, 'Parson,' says I, 'say over the prayer book—Sally's got the hull uv it by heart agin' this time—we'll be married ter onct right yeare.' So the parson he said over the prayer book, Sally she made the 'sponses—all about the 'beyin' and so on—an' we's been man and wife uver sense."

"And do you believe that story, stranger?" asked Sally, when her husband had ended his story.

"I can't say that I do," I replied. "Its a trifle too romantic to be entirely true."

"I am glad on it," she said, "for we was married in a house like Christian people—we was."

This story illustrates the building of most Western humor. Some natural event, or thing, is exaggerated to the verge of the impossible, and made ludicrous by the very exaggeration. But I

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have arrived at the end of my space, with only "room and verge enough" to say that laughter is a healthy exercise, and wit and humor universal blessings, given us to lighten the burdens of life. He is a wise man who cultivates them "within the limit of becoming mirth."

EDMUND KIRKE.

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IS YELLOW FEVER CONTAGIOUS?

You ask, "Is yellow fever contagious?"

Let us first understand what is meant by the term *contagious;* and this preliminary proceeding involves an examination of the literature of the subject. Some years ago a broad distinction was made between the words *contagious* and *infectious,* as applied to diseases. Thus Dr. Ackerly, in 1832, wrote:

"The very evident distinction between contagious and infectious diseases has long since been made and employed in this country. Contagion is applied to those diseases which are propagated from one to another by contact or close approach, and which produce a like disease, as small-pox, measles, etc. Diseases produced by infection are those contracted from a vitiated atmosphere, as intermittent, remittent, bilious, and yellow fever. In 1819 and 1822 we had the yellow fever in New York, and the Board of Health shut up that part of the city where the disease prevailed by running fences across the streets leading to it. This was called the *infected district,* from the local causes contaminating the atmosphere and producing the infection. Beyond this district the city was not unhealthy, and those who were taken sick in the infected district, when removed to other parts not infected, recovered, and did not communicate the disease to others." (Hooper's Medical Dictionary, Fourth Am. Edition; edited by Samuel Ackerly. New York: 1832.)

La Roche wrote:

"I shall apply the word contagion to signify a poison, effluvium, or emanation, generated by morbid secretion in the course of a distemper, and possessing the power of inducing a like morbid action in healthy bodies whereby it is reproduced and indefinitely multiplied, whether by contact, near approach, or the medium of external bodies impregnated with it. All diseases that are so communicated are contagious. By infection, on the other hand, the reader will understand that power or poison which results from the decomposition of dead animal and vegetable substances, or other putrescent materials, if such exist, and through means of which a morbid state is induced in the system of individuals exposed to its action. In conformity with this restriction in the signification of the word infection, individuals laboring under the effects of exposure to the morbific cause in question are said to be *infected;* while the diseases resulting from that cause are denominated diseases by infection, or infections. The agent of infection usually exists in the state of gas or miasm, and as such occurs in filthy localities, houses, ships, jails, hospitals and cities as well as in marshes and fenny and low districts of country."

There is much confusion in the definitions. Dunglison says:

"Contagion and infection are generally esteemed synonomous. Frequently, however, the former is applied to diseases not produced by contact, while infection

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is used for those that require positive contact. Diseases which cannot be produced in any other way than by contagion are said to have their origin in specific contagion."

The word *contagious* he defines as meaning "capable of being transmitted by immediate or mediate contact, communicable * * * * Commonly the epithet infection is applied to those that are communicated by immediate contact."

Webster quotes the definition of Dunglison as to the meaning of the word contagion, but, in speaking of *contagious* and *infectious*, says:

"*Contagious, Infectious.*—These words have been used in very diverse senses; but, in general, a *contagious* disease has been considered as one which is caught from another by contact, by the breath, by bodily effluvia, etc., while an *infectious* disease supposes some entirely different cause acting by a hidden influence, like the miasma of prison ships, of marshes, etc., *infecting* the system with disease. This distinction, though not universally admitted by medical men, as to the literal meaning of the words, certainly applies to them in their figurative use. Thus we speak of the *contagious* influence of evil associates; the *contagion* of bad example, the *contagion* of fear, etc., when we refer to transmission by proximity or contact. On the other hand, we speak of *infection* by bad principles, etc., when we consider any thing as diffused abroad by some hidden influence."

Beale, on disease germs, says:

"The minute contagious bioplast is less than the 1-100,000 of an inch in diameter, and often so very clear and structureless as to be scarcely distinguishable from the fluid in which it is suspended. Such a minute particle may readily be transferred from the affected organism to an apparently sound organism. It may be carried a considerable distance from its source without losing its marvelous power of causing, in the organism invaded, a series of changes resembling, and often in every minute particular, the phenomena which have occurred in the organism from which it was derived. And it is established that there exist different kinds of contagious living bioplasm, each capable of occasioning specific phenomena which distinguish it. The poison of small-pox will produce small-pox, not typhus fever, or measles, etc.; nor will any of these produce small-pox. Without, therefore, pretending to identify the actual particles of the living bioplasm of any contagious disease, or to be able to distinguish it positively from other forms of bioplasm, healthy and morbid, present in the fluids on the different free surfaces, and in the tissues in such vast numbers, I think the facts and arguments I have advanced prove: (1) That the contagious virus is living and growing matter; (2) That the particles are not directly descended from any form of germinal matter, or bioplasm of the organism of the infected animal, but they have resulted from the multiplication of particles introduced from without; (3) That it is capable of growing and multiplying in the blood; (4) That the particles are so minute that they readily pass through the walls of the capillaries, and multiply freely in the interstices between the tissue elements or epithelial cells; and *Lastly*, That these particles are capable of living under many different conditions; that they live and grow at the expense of various tissue elements, and retain their vitality, although the germinal matter of the normal textures, after growing and multiplying to a great extent, has ceased to exist."

The "American Cyclopedia" says, on Contagion:

"(Lat. *contagio*, from *con*, together, and *tangere*, to touch), primarily, the propagation of disease by contact. It is scarcely distinguished in usage, even by medical

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writers, from infection, which designates the communication of disease by effluvia through the air. The contagious matter is the subtle, poisonous particles which diffuse themselves through the atmosphere, or attach themselves to various substances, as clothing and furniture. Concentrated in wool or fur, they retain their power of originating disease after being carried to a great distance. Among diseases propagated by immediate contagion, or direct application of the contagious matter, are syphilis, cow-pox, purulent ophthalma, and several others; among those communicated by remote contagion, or infection, are small-pox, measles, scarlet fever, mumps, and whooping cough."

Liebermeister groups together under the name *infectious diseases:*

"Those affections which we know, or at least believe, must originate through the infection of the system with certain peculiar poisonous matters, and which are mainly distinguished from the ordinary poisons by the fact that they can reproduce themselves under favoring conditions to an endless degree. The classification of this group of diseases will, of course, be modified from time to time, according to whatever theory of their etiology is maintained; and yet it is easy to foresee that, when investigations have been prosecuted further in this direction, infectious diseases will be found to occupy a far wider field than now is commonly given them.

"If the poisons which produce infectious diseases can reproduce themselves and multiply, we can understand why these diseases do not occur in a sporadic form, limited to single cases, but that they are, for the most part, *diseases of the country—pandemic diseases or epidemics*—for when they appear in a place, they usually attack numerous individuals simultaneously or successively. They are *endemic* when, as is the case with malarious diseases, they are limited to a certain territorial district, and are domiciled there continuously, or, at any rate, for an indefinitely long time. They are *epidemic* when they appear at intervals, and then again disappear, as is the case with the plague and the cholera."

Liebermeister again divides infectious diseases into miasmatic and contagious, speaking of contagion as a specific excitant of disease which originates in the organism suffering from the specific disease; while *miasm,* on the other hand, is used of a specific excitant of disease, which propagates itself outside of, and disconnected from a previously diseased organism. Contagion can be conveyed, by contact, from a diseased person to a sound one, produce the disease in him, and then again reproduce itself. Miasm originates from without; taken up into the body, it can call a specific disease into action, but it cannot spread the disease any further by conveying it from a diseased to a sound person.

Dujardin-Beaumetz * makes this distinction between infection proper and poisoning. He reserves the name poison to every chemical substance of mineral, vegetal or animal origin, which being introduced into the body, produces there disturbances more or less grave, more or less persistent, to the aggregate of which we

* *Therapeutic Gazette,* December 15, 1888.

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apply the term *poisoning*. The name *infection* is reserved to designate the penetration of the body by a living principle, capable of multiplying itself in the organism, *i. e.*, of microbiotic origin.

Dr. J. S. Billings says:

"By 'contagion' we mean the communication of disease from one person to another, either by direct contact or through some medium, such as air, water, etc. It therefore includes 'infection,' which is now generally used as a synonym for it. The so-called infective diseases of modern German writers (Infectious—Krankheiten) include, besides what are commonly termed in English contagious diseases, the so-called miasmatic diseases."

Concerning the almost inextricable confusion into which this subject has been brought, Professor Welch, of Johns Hopkins University, says:

"It is gratifying, after so much strife, to be able to record this agreement of opinion as to the definition of infection and of infectious diseases in general. It is customary to classify infectious diseases etiologically into contagious, miasmatic, and miasmatic-contagious diseases. As to the significance of these terms, and particularly as to the real nature of the so-called miasmatic contagious diseases, there exists great confusion." * * * * * * * * * * *

"There is now tolerable unanimity of opinion as to the meaning attached to the terms infection and infectious diseases. Most recent authorities understand by infection the condition produced by the entrance and multiplication of pathogenic micro-organisms within the body. An infectious disease is one which is caused by the invasion and reproduction within the body of pathogenic micro-organism. To define an infectious agent as a specific poison capable of indefinite multiplication is only to express obscurely the idea just conveyed, for we know and can conceive of no poison capable of indefinite multiplication except a living organism. The analogies formerly drawn from the fermentation and the putrefaction of organic substances, and still preserved in the designation zymotic diseases, have lost all force as an opposing argument since it has been shown that these processes are produced by living organisms. In the absence of any other probable, I may say even conceivable, hypothesis, to refuse to accept the doctrine of a *contagium vivum* as applicable to all infectious diseases because it has been demonstrated only for certain of these diseases, is about as reasonable as to reject the law *omnis cellula e cellula* because this has not been proven for every cell or every species of cell."

For a long time the common itch was cited as an instance of contagious disease, and it was not until the parasite was discovered and brought into view that the true nature of the disease was understood, and it is quite probable that, as the knowledge progresses, the life history of the germ of most of the infective diseases will be understood, and it is clear from the citations above given that we must hold the infective diseases to include those we now term as a sub-division, namely, the contagious diseases. But in the progress of scientific knowledge that term has become more and more restricted. In the sense that infective

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diseases are communicable, so far, yellow fever—itself an infectious disease—is contagious, for if we study its mode of progress, we shall see that yellow fever is transportable from place to place. Our every day experience teaches us this, when we see cases of the fever in the naval steamship "Boston," in New York, or in other northern ports where the disease is never known, except it is brought there by a patient.

We see the disease breaking out afresh after a long period of hibernation, as at Jackson, Mississippi. We have seen at Decatur, Alabama, during the past season an instance where the baggage of a person from an infected city left in the house of Mr. Spencer, must have been the means of starting the yellow fever in his case, because he had not been out of Decatur. There was no yellow fever prevailing in Decatur. There had been none for many years. We see, too, that persons subjected to its influence fall victims to the disease; as there are innumerable instances of healthy individuals going into the place where yellow fever prevails becoming stricken with the disease. Thus Doctor Posey, a previously healthy man, visited Maclenny, Florida, spent the night in going from house to house where the yellow fever is prevalent in a highly malignant form. He left the place, went to Camp Perry, and on the fifth day from the date of his exposure at Maclenny was attacked with a fever which proved to be yellow fever. The disease, therefore, is capable of being transported, and it is communicable to the healthy person.

The exact methods of its transmission are not at the present time definitely known, but we cannot shut our eyes to the plain facts. Consider the mode in which cholera is propagated. We find that all observers at present agree that cholera owes its effects to the operations of a germ known as the cholera or comabacillus; that this germ is abundantly found in the alimentary canal during the progress of the disease; is found in great numbers in the dejecta from the body; and whether we follow the lead of Pettenkofer in rejecting *in toto* the drinking water theory, *i. e.*, the theory that the germs are transmitted by the means of the drinking water, or whether by means of air, or by soil, or by X, we must admit that it is transmitted in some way, for a person previously healthy can acquire it. In this sense then cholera is contagious. Now, it does not follow that this sub-division of infectious diseases (those called contagious) are contagious in

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an equal degree, for the degree simply depends upon the accessibility of the channel by which they gain access to the body, and in certain conditions of the system, as yet imperfectly understood, many of these germs become destroyed by the chemical action of the living body, and thus arises what is termed the individual susceptibility, or insusceptibility, to the operations of the infected germ. Now, although the germ of yellow fever has not been found in the blood by many observers, Freiré and a few others claim to have found it, but the weight of the testimony of competent observers at the present time is to the effect that the germ is in the alimentary canal, having the mucous lining of the stomach as its principal habitat and seat of operations; that the fever attending it is symptomatic; that in the hemorrhagic forms of yellow fever death takes place in almost the same manner as in acute poisoning. The doctrine of a quarter of a century ago that these germs (then hypothetical) when thrown off from the body must outside of it undergo a secondary change before becoming infectious seems absolutely without support in the light of the recently ascertained facts. I was once informed by a very intelligent shipmaster that having the yellow fever break out among the crew of his ship he was unable to arrest its progress from man to man until he caused all the cooking utensils on the ship to be thoroughly boiled, required the drinking water also to be boiled—in a word, adopted the precise precautions that would have been adopted in the case of infection by cholera. This was practiced in addition to the ordinary disinfection of the clothing and disinfection of the ship by the fumes of burning sulphur.

Let us summarize, then, the existing facts: Yellow fever is portable from place to place, is communicable to healthy persons, probably not by direct contact from the sick, but by the imbibition of specific germs.

We might construct a reasonable hypothesis that it is possible that the germs in sufficient number may be brought into the nasal air passages of a person, thence to the fauces, thence washed into the stomach by the first drink of water, or swallowed with the saliva—the saliva itself furnishing a culture-medium for the growth of the germ.

We may conclude, then, having consideration solely to the fact that yellow fever is a highly infectious disease of the mildly

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contagious variety, and is to be prevented by the adoption of such measures as will destroy the germ and thus prevent its propagagation, and, at the same time, rendering sterile the soil or place whereon the germ shall fall.

JOHN B. HAMILTON.

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THE GREATER HALF OF THE CONTINENT.

It is not a little singular that, in this country, and in this period of the easy acquirement of general information, so little is known of the greater half of the continent of North America, included within the British possessions. It shows, for instance, how little is known even of the broadest generalities, when the statement is received with surprise, if not incredulity, that, excluding Alaska, Canada is a larger country than the United States. Yet such is the case; for the United States, prior to the purchase of Alaska, was included within 3,036,000 square miles, while Canada stretches out to fill 3,470,392 square miles. It would perhaps help to convey some conception of the magnitude of Canada when the statement is made that, in area, it comprises very nearly forty per cent. of the entire British Empire, the extent of which is recalled by the boast that the sun shines always on British possessions. A still further rather startling statement in relation to Canada is, that, including the great lakes which encircle it and which penetrate it, and the rivers of enormous size and length which permeate it, is found more than one-half of the fresh water of the entire globe. Such broad generalities as these may well excite the attention of the people of the United States, who, in view of the magnificent proportions of their own country, have been unconsciously led to believe that it comprises all that is worth having on the continent.

The impression of magnitude, so far as Canada is concerned, is, however, always accompanied by a conviction, born of ignorance, that the Dominion is a region of frost and snow; that it is a sterile and inhospitable waste—simply a section of the North Pole. There is a further conviction that it is of little or no use to this country, so rich in resource, so varied in climate, and so self-contained and independent of the outside world. The vast

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number who thus look upon the northern half of the continent, fail to remember that, by the purchase of Alaska, and its subsequent development, testimony was afforded as to the exceeding value of regions very many degrees farther north than the average of Canada, and that to-day, so full of promise is the prospect for this latest acquirement of the United States, that no money payment, however large, would have the faintest hope of acceptance for its cession to another power. It is doubtful if, in any part of the United States, a greater return has been realized in proportion to the capital invested or the effort put forth, than that which has rewarded the enterprises in this most northern section of the United States.

So far as the climate of Canada is concerned, it should never be forgotten that, within the parallels of latitude which include the greater portions of the Dominion, the development in the United States has been the most marked. Indeed, no development in the history of the world is more rapid than the growth of the commerce of the Great Lakes, which to-day act as a barrier, dividing the two countries, but which, under happier conditions, should be the bond that united them. Reference to the extent of this lake commerce brings out another startling comparison, which, creating surprise, shows after all how little the average man knows even of his own country, much less of the regions alongside of his own land. This statement is, that the tonnage and value of products which passed through the Sault Ste. Marie Canal, compressed within seven months of the season of navigation of 1888, equaled that which passed through the Suez Canal in the entire year. Here, in the northern part of North America, between two inland lakes, with only one shore of these developed, a commerce has been created which equals that between two oceans, whose traffic is almost as old as the universe, and contributions to which are made from every clime and country of the globe. Recall, also, the fact that the water communication of the lakes is competed with by the most perfectly equipped railway systems of the age, while the commerce of Suez is practically without a competitor. This development of the States and cities bordering upon the great lakes, and the growth and productive forces which have been set in motion, not only on the shores of these inland seas, but on the wide stretches of country tributary to them, is a testimony to the advantages of a northern climate that it is impossible to ignore.

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So magnificent is this growth, so significant is the lesson that it teaches, that, so far as Canada and its climate is concerned, a true appreciation of her vast value is, from the advantage of her location, at length beginning to dawn upon the minds of observant men. The place that she should occupy, as the greater and northern half of the continent, can be no longer denied to her. A proper estimate will show Canada to be a country having few equals in extent, none in riches of resource, in accessibility, ease of interior communication, and, notwithstanding the smile that lightens up the face of the reader, none superior to her in the advantages of climate.

Perhaps the best test of climatic advantage is found in the ability to produce, in the largest quantities, and of the best quality, the most valuable and the most universally used article of commerce. Certainly, in this respect, there is nothing surpassing the article of wheat, which may be said to be the basis of civilized existence. The steady movement toward the north of the wheat-producing regions of this continent is remarkable. Wheat is a plant so delicate, and so easily affected by frost and adverse conditions, that it might be supposed to be cultured safely only in the most temperate zones. Yet the movement of the wheat-producing areas toward the North Pole has been as steady as the movement of the needle in the compass in that direction. Within the memory of many readers of this publication, the Genessee Valley, in the State of New York, was the great wheat-producing region. So much so was this the case that Rochester was named the "Flour City," from the number of its flouring mills, and the activity of its commerce in this direction. Since then it has changed the manner of spelling the word which designates it, and though it is still called the "Flower City," it is because of the development of the nursery and seed interests, which so adorn and benefit it, and the rest of the country. No longer is Rochester the centre of the wheat-producing areas. Westward these took their way, first to the valleys of the Ohio, then to the prairies of Illinois and Iowa, until now, in the most northern tier of States and territories, is found the great sources of national wealth in the production of this great cereal. The milling activities of Minnesota, the marvelous railroad development in the Northwest, both toward the west and north, and more recently toward the east, for the special accommodation of

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this flour and wheat trade, tell the story, that so far as climatic advantage is concerned, wheat has found its greatest success in States to the extreme north. Is it to be supposed that there is something magical in the 49th parallel that bounds Minnesota on the north, that will check the progress of wheat production toward the north? Its steady trend in this direction for so many hundreds of miles makes it highly probable that, beyond it, wheat should be produced, largely and profitably. Indeed, this is certainly so; for it so happens that, north of the Minnesota line, and within the Canadian territories, are wheat areas possessing all the advantages of the regions to the south, but, in richness, fertility and extent infinitely greater. It would be a startling statement to make, as showing the advantages of the much derided Canadian climate, that even in its extreme northern latitudes, the Dominion possesses a greater wheat producing area than does the entire United States; that the soil of this wheat area is richer, will last longer, and will produce a higher average of better wheat than can be produced anywhere else on the continent, if not in the world. Wheat is known to have been grown in the vicinity of numerous Hudson's Bay Company's stations for twenty consecutive years, without rotation, without fertilization, and annually producing crops averaging thirty bushels to the acre!

If, therefore, the production of this most valuable of cereals is the truest test of climatic advantage; if the tenderness of the wheat plant in its cultivation is a delicate standard of conditions, as it really is, it is submitted that the prejudice as against the Canadian climate should, in the first place, prevail no longer than it prevails against the climate in similar latitudes in the United States, where the greatest success has been achieved; and, second, that the advantages which the northernmost portions of Canada possess over even parallels far to the South, should be recognized. These advantages are found in the often forgotten circumstance that climate is much more the result of altitude than it is of latitude. According to Humboldt, Europe has a mean elevation of six hundred and seventy-one feet, and North America a mean elevation of seven hundred and forty-eight feet. It is a significant circumstance that the Canadian portion of North America has an altitude of only three hundred feet. In the extreme northwest of Canada, the falling off from the height of land toward the vast body of water known as Hudson's Bay is shown

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in the fact, that from even within the Minnesota line the rivers all begin to run towards the north. This low altitude, in its influence upon the climate, is second only to the effect of the marine currents, which are singularly favorable to Canada. These influences are shown in the startling fact that the mean temperature of Hudson's Bay is three degrees warmer during the winter than that of Lake Superior; and that it is on the southern and western shores of Lake Superior where the most important development of American enterprises has taken place,—developments that have yielded in lumber, in iron and copper, riches of greater magnitude than produced elsewhere in the country; and within parallels of latitude included in this lake, an agricultural development more remarkable than that elsewhere in the world. The moderating influences of vast bodies of fresh water that never freeze over are well known. In the great chain of lakes that surround Canada, and the vast number of lakes and rivers that diversify her surface, there is a fresh water area of one hundred and thirty thousand square miles, and as above stated, comprising nearly one-half the fresh water of the globe. The effect upon the climate of this vast aggregation is most beneficial, so that in altitude, and in other influences that mitigate the extreme northern location of the land, there are found considerations of the greatest weight. These influences are shown in the warmer climate of the great territory of Alberta, which lies directly north of Wyoming, from the latter of which and into the former, stock is being regularly driven at the beginning of each winter, because of the presence within the Canadian border, the year round, of an abundance of grass. The experience of last winter showed conclusively that while throughout Manitoba and the Canadian northwest territories the winter of 1888 was not excessively severe, as far south as Iowa and Nebraska the severest cold was felt, and as far east as even New York in the famous blizzard, which never found its equal even in Winnipeg, the most northern of Canadian cities. It is true that in the northwestern portions of Canada the winters are long; that the frost is severe and continuous; but it is equally true that the climate is dry and invigorating.

But aside from this continued severity of the climate in the winter, there are compensations and advantages in the summer months in this extreme northern region of Canada which must not be ignored. For instance, what would be thought of a de-

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vice that should provide, underneath the whole surface of a vast and fertile wheat-producing area, of a well-spring of moisture, that should continuously exude and feed the delicate tendrils of roots that the wheat plant sends down into the earth for sustenance? Yet this is precisely what nature has provided in the thousands of square miles of wheat areas of the Canadian northwest. Ages of long winters, continuous and often severe cold, have produced a frost line in the earth far down below the surface, which being thawed out during the summer months is full of force. What seems, at first glance, a barrier to the productive power of nature, is, in this case, found to be contributory in the highest degree to man's advantage. For this vast area of ice, far enough below the surface to permit the growth of plants, holds in suspense and readiness for the land above, the needed element of moisture, constant and assured, which in other regions comes only in the rains and dews that fall from the sky —a supply uncertain and uncontrollable. But there is still another advantage in these northern wheat-fields of Canada, incident to the climate; and that is, that while these latitudes imply long winter days, they equally imply the longest days in summer. Thus, there is an average of two hours per day more of sunshine during the period of the growth of wheat in the Canadian northwest, than is vouchsafed in any other locality where wheat can be produced. Not only is two hours of sunshine in each day an inestimable advantage, but the sun is stronger and more forceful at this period, and in this region, not only helping rapidly forward the ripening process, but the heat is continuously sufficient to cause an exudation of the moisture from the ice in the ground beneath. So that, in this far north land, despised in the minds of many for its cold and sterility, conditions unite to make it the most productive, and the most valuable of all the wheat lands upon the continent. It would seem as if a conjunction had been formed by the heavens above and the earth beneath to illustrate, in the highest degree, the productive forces of nature, in regions where man least expected this development. It so happens, also, that the soil which enjoys these advantages of moisture beneath, and long, forceful rays from above, is particularly rich and inexhaustible. Lord Dufferin, an observant and reliable authority, said that throughout his whole journey of weeks through the Canadian Northwest, he was con-

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stantly reminded of the English kitchen gardens in the vicinity of London. Cauliflowers grow large enough to serve for three meals for an ordinary family, while potatoes four or five pounds in weight are nothing extraordinary. The average crop of wheat in 1887, in Manitoba, was thirty bushels to the acre, while nowhere else on the continent did it exceed twenty bushels to the acre, and in Minnesota and Dakota did not average more than fifteen bushels. A mere handful of settlers in Manitoba produced in that year, a surplus of twelve millions of bushels of wheat, seven millions of barley, and two millions of bushels of potatoes—the latter crop being a failure so great in the States as to command throughout the greater portions of the year a rate as high as $1 per bushel, while at points of production within Manitoba they could be had for one-eighth of that price. It is true that early frosts in August of the present year have partially injured the crop of 1888, and that there is this contingency always present in the northern regions; but early frosts are equally dangerous in Minnesota and Dakota, while this year, as far east as Massachusetts, there was serious damage done. There is no locality but has its disadvantages with its advantages; but taking all the circumstances in view, it may be very well claimed for these northern wheat producing regions that they are full of the greatest promise, as being in the line of the steady movement north of this most valuable product, and that they cannot fail to have a most important influence in the world's future supply of the staff of life.

But it must not be inferred that the climate of Canada is represented by the regions to the extreme north which have just been referred to. The Dominion, from its vast extent, as has been truly said, "possesses all the climates of Europe, from the Mediterranean to the Arctic Ocean, as might be expected, seeing that it extends from the latitude of Rome, in Italy, to that of the North Cape, in Norway, and is of almost equal area." The gulf stream, in the Atlantic coast, and the Japanese current in the Pacific, are both singularly favorable to Canada. In the Province of British Columbia the thermometer in the summer months ranges from eighty degrees to ninety degrees, while in winter the cold rarely goes below twenty-two degrees. On the Atlantic the climate of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick is in no respect less desirable in winter than that of Massachusetts and Maine. St.

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John, the chief city of New Brunswick, is in the latitude of Milan, Lyons, and Venice, and the whole province is within parallels which include Belgium, Holland and the German Empire, where populations are most dense. Indeed, for more than half of the summer the maritime provinces are most delightful resorts, as shown in the steady stream of summer tourists that are setting in even north of Mount Desert in Maine. In Ontario the climatic conditions created by the practical encirclement of the great lakes are especially favorable, and such stretches as are included in the Niagara Peninsula, and those bordering upon Lake Erie, force themselves upon the attention of the student of North America as among the most favored spots on the whole continent. So far as climate, then, is concerned, there is no one thing in all the catalogue of advantages which Canada possesses that is of greater value; for, in its variety, it favors the production of numerous cereals and crops, and, in its forcefulness and vigor, it stimulates the best efforts of its population. Malte Brum said of these regions: "Everything is in proper keeping for the development of the combined physical and mental energies of man. There are to be found at once the hardihood of character which conquers difficulties, the climate which stimulates exertion, and the natural advantages which reward enterprise. Nature has marked out this country for exalted destinies!"

The immeasurable content with which the average citizen of the United States contemplates the fact that, as between the Atlantic and Pacific, there are no stretches of territory that do not contribute to his greatness, can equally be shared by the Canadian. But the American has limitations on the north by a line drawn at the St. Lawrence and the Lakes, and along the forty-ninth parallel, against which his commerce beats as against an impenetrable wall, and like a wave rolls back upon itself. A night's journey from Boston or New York, and the limit of his boasted areas towards the north are reached; two nights and a day, even from Chicago, in the centre of his territory, and the ground to the north covered by the trade of that great city is exhausted. Not so with the Canadian. Not only does his territory stretch two hundred miles further out into the Atlantic, on the Nova Scotia coast, than the average of the United States—not only does it then stretch across a vast continent of untold wealth to the Pacific, on the coast of British Columbia, but it extends as

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far north as the Arctic Ocean. Take in the stupendous figures included in these measurements. Adopting the eighty-fifth degree of longitude as a centre, Canada stretches west to the one hundred and thirtieth degree, and east to the forty-second degree—forty-five degrees on one side and forty-three degrees on the other. North and south the dominion stretches from the fifty-first degree of latitude, south to the forty-second degree, and north to the frozen sea. George Johnson, the accomplished head of the statistical department of the Dominion government at Ottawa, whose disposition and ability to furnish the fullest information regarding Canada are unequaled, makes some comparisons regarding the size of the Dominion that are very instructive. He says:

"It is difficult to afford an adequate conception of the vastness of this country. England, Wales and Scotland form together an area of 88,000 square miles; you could cut forty such areas out of Canada. New South Wales contains 309,175 square miles, and is larger by 162 square miles than France, continental Italy and Sicily. Canada would make eleven countries the size of New South Wales. There are (in extent), three British Indias in Canada, and still enough left over to make a Queensland and a Victoria. The German Empire could be carved out of Canada and fifteen more countries of the same size."

In the light of such comparisons, the statement made in a previous page, that Canada comprises forty per cent. of the area of the entire British Empire, is not so incredible as at first sight appears. Judged by standards of American areas, the comparison is quite as interesting. Thus, the province of Ontario, the fairest land of all the North American continent, is larger than the six New England States, with New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania and Maryland, by twenty-five thousand square miles. Ontario, extending over ten degrees of latitude, and twenty degrees of longitude, the single province, covers an area larger by ten square miles than Ohio, Indiana, Illinois and Michigan combined; larger than Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin by eleven thousand square miles. The basin of the Hudson's Bay comprises two million square miles, in which are the fertile plains of the Saskatchewan Valley, measuring five hundred thousand square miles, and which, according to Lord Selkirk, are capable alone of supporting thirty millions of people. That he was right in this contention is proved by the indications of the enormous productive forces of this region since developed; and that a European area, similarly situated east of the tenth degree of longitude, comprehends very nearly the whole of England and Ire-

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land, the northeast corner of France, the whole of Belgium and Holland, and the greater part of the valley of the Rhine.

The vast expanse of Canada may be judged by the extent of her rivers and bays. The St. John, in New Brunswick, the largest river on the Atlantic coast south of the St. Lawrence, is five hundred miles in length, and is navigable for two hundred and thirty miles. The St. Lawrence, one of the noblest of the great rivers in the world, has a length of seven hundred and fifty miles, entirely navigable. The Ottawa, which is a mere affluent of the St. Lawrence, joining it six hundred miles from its mouth, is in itself five hundred and fifty miles long. The chain of great lakes is familiar to all who look at the map, but not so, to the north, in an almost unknown land, are the lakes Shebandowam, and Rainy lake and river, a magnificent body of water, three hundred miles broad and two hundred miles long. The Lake of the Woods, too, is almost unknown outside of Canada, yet is a vast stretch of water of marvelous beauty, especially its westernmost portion, of 80 miles, consisting of land-locked channels,—a lacustrine paradise. Then comes the Winnipeg River, of which Lord Dufferin said: "Whose existence in the heart and centre of the continent is itself one of nature's most delightful miracles, so beautiful and varied are its rocky banks, its tufted islands; so broad, so deep, so fervid is the volume of its waters, the extent of their lake-like expansion, and the tremendous power of its rapids." Here empties the great Red River of the North, starting from the northern portions of Minnesota, and the equally great Assiniboine, one five hundred miles and the other four hundred and eighty miles in length. Far beyond these is the Lake Winnipeg, a fresh water sea 300 miles long, from the northwest angle of which starts the Saskatchewan. The entrance to this noble river has been called "the Gateway of the Northwest," for here is a navigable stream 1,500 miles in length, flowing nearly due west and east, between alluvial banks of the richest soil. Reaching the Rocky Mountains by this stream, beyond this range are the Athabasca and the Mackenzie rivers, the navigation of the latter alone exceeding 2,500 miles, while the Frazer River and the Thompson River to Vancouver are streams of great magnitude. This enumeration of principal streams will give some faint idea of the vast areas of land through which they flow. But no better

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idea of magnitude can be formed of the extent of Canada than by the contemplation of the Hudson's Bay. This bay would seem like a projection of Providence for the good of mankind, by which is introduced into the heart of the continent an ocean in itself, midway between the great Atlantic and Pacific oceans. Fancy a bay so long as to extend from New York to Chicago, so wide as to extend from Washington to the lakes, projected like a huge tongue of sea into the land. What would remain of the fairest part of the United States? Yet this is the proportion of the Hudson's Bay, say 1,000 miles long and 600 miles wide, running from the north into the heart of Canada, carrying with it enormous riches in sea wealth for the supply of fish food so greatly benefiting, if permitted, the prairie States to the south.

Having almost exhausted the space allotted, by a description of the climate and of extent of Canada, the reader must be carried rapidly forward to a consideration of the marvelous resources which this northern half of the continent contains. Incidentally, in describing the climate of the northwestern portions of Canada, allusion has been made to the agricultural possibilities of that region. There are comparatively few portions of Canada, however, but possess great possibilities in this direction. The Province of Ontario, which will be recalled as covering so vast an area, is peculiarly rich in this respect. The excellent statistician of the Ontario Government, Mr. Archibald Blue, at Toronto, says of his native province:

"But Ontario has something more to boast of than broad expanse. It has a fertile soil, an invigorating climate, vast forests of merchantable timber, treasures of mineral wealth, and water power of limitless capacity. It has extensive areas which grow a better sample and a larger yield of the staple cereals than any other portion of the continent; and it has more extensive areas not yet brought under cultivation which may be converted into grazing fields of unsurpassed richness, suitable for the production of the best qualities of butter and cheese."

In a report on the trade between the United States and the British Possessions in North America, made by J. R. Larned, of the United States Treasury Department, in 1871, it was observed that

"Ontario possesses a fertility with which no part of New England can at all compare, and that particular section of it around which the circle of the Great Lakes is swept forces itself upon the notice of any student of the American map as one of the most favored spots of the whole Continent, where population ought to breed with almost Belgian fecundity."

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Another American, whose worthy eminence none will dispute, has also described Ontario. The Hon. David A. Wells, in the stately pages of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW of many years ago, wrote as follows :

"North of Lakes Erie and Ontario and the River St. Lawrence, east of Lake Huron, south of the forty-fifth parallel, and included mainly within the Dominion Province of Ontario, there is as fair a country as exists on the North American continent, nearly as large in area as New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio combined, and equal if not superior to those States as a whole in its agricultural capacity. It is the natural *habitat* on this continent of the combing-wool sheep, without a full, cheap, and reliable supply of the wool of which species the great worsted manufacturing industries of the country cannot prosper, or, we should rather say, exist. It is the land where grows the finest barley, which the brewing interests of the United States must have if it ever expects to rival Great Britain in its present annual export of over eleven million dollars worth of malt products. It raises and grazes the finest of cattle, with qualities especially desirable to make good the deterioration of stock in other sections; and its climatic conditions, created by an almost encirclement of the great lakes, especially fit it to grow *men*. Such a country is one of the greatest gifts of Providence to the human race, better than bonanzas of silver, or rivers whose sands contain gold.

It is unnecessary to go into detail as to the advantages which the provinces of Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and Prince Edward Island claim, because space will not permit, except to say that no country in the world possesses a more favorable variety of climate, better soil, a more thrifty or a more industrious people than these provinces, many of them possessing great geographical advantages. This is especially the case with Nova Scotia. This province projects out from the mainland into the Atlantic Ocean like an immense wharf, being almost surrounded by tidal waters, no portion of the interior being at a greater distance than thirty miles from the coast. All of her coasts are indented and provided with fine harbors, accessible at all seasons of the year. Its extreme southerly extension is about one hundred miles further south than any other part of British America. Its position in this respect causes a variation of the climate of the country of great advantage, and as a source of supply in fruit, oats, potatoes, and numerous other agricultural products, should be of the greatest value to the densely populated manufacturing centres of New England.

But, great as may be the agricultural possibilities of the Dominion of Canada, and the wealth in her vast wheat-producing areas that these may produce at the bidding of man, it is in the natural resources of the country that a still greater promise is found. In the matter of the fisheries alone, Canada stands un-

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rivaled. Very few realize the vast stretches of coast line along which Canada controls the greatest fisheries in the world. Bounded as the Dominion is by three oceans, it has beside its numerous inland seas over five thousand five hundred miles of seacoast, washed by waters abounding in the most valuable fishes of all kinds. The older provinces of the confederation have two thousand five hundred miles of seacoast and inland seas, while the seacoast of British Columbia alone is over three thousand miles in extent! It is impossible to take these figures in and all that they imply without realizing at once the enormous magnitude of this interest. But it is not alone in the matter of extent of seacoast line that Canada has a surplus in fish wealth; but, in the extreme northern location which she occupies she possesses an advantage which is of immense value, and this is that the fish are not only better and firmer in northern climates than in southern climates, but that the supply of fish food, owing to the extreme northern location, is inexhaustible. As has been truly said by Mr. Harvey, "the Arctic currents which wash the coast of Labrador, Newfoundland, and Canada, chilling the atmosphere and bearing on its bosom huge ice argosies, is the source of the vast fish wealth which has been drawn on for ages, and which promises to continue for ages to come." Wanting this cold river of the ocean, the fish which now crowd the northern seas would be entirely absent. Professor Hind says: "The Arctic seas and the great rivers which they send forth swarm with minute forms of life, constituting in many places a living mass, a vast ocean of living slime. The all-pervading life which exists here affords the true solution of the problem, which has so often presented itself to those investigating deep-sea fisheries, the source of food which gives sustenance to the countless millions of fish." The harvest of the sea has not yet been gleaned to the same extent as the harvest of the land; but this fact may be taken for granted, that of all the countries in the world, and of all the riches of these countries, nothing can be made more useful in a higher form toward sustaining life, or to a greater extent, than the vast wealth of the fisheries of Canada. They are practically inexhaustible, because the cold current of the north brings with it the food on which these fish thrive, and the supply is one that can never fail. The seacoasts of the Atlantic and the St. Lawrence on the east, the long stretches of the Hudson's Bay coast in

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the centre, and the three thousand miles of coast line of British Columbia on the west, are in themselves a great possession, while the fresh water fish of the great lakes of the northwest, especially in the supply of the prairie States, should be relatively as great a contribution to the sustentation of human life as are the supplies of cattle upon the plains.

In timber, Canada possesses a wealth of very great importance to the United States. When the wide stretches of treeless prairies which this country contains are recalled, and the rapidly disappearing forests within the United States, it is with a sense of satisfaction that one turns to the northern half of the continent, containing as it does the finest forests and the greatest supply of this most essential element of human protection and comfort. Within the catalogue of the woods of Canada, there are ninety-five species of forest trees, including nineteen of the pine family, while the space covered by timber within the Dominion is something enormous. Excepting the great triangular prairie east of the Rocky Mountains, lying between the United States boundary and a line drawn from the Red River to the upper Peace River, the whole of Canada, up to the northern limit of the growth of trees, presents one vast forest area, except where it has been cleared by the hand of man. It is needless to further dilate upon the enormous value which this area is to the county to the south. It is sufficient to say that the source of supply for the next hundred years for the progress of the United States lies largely within the Dominion; and that no estimate of wealth, on the one hand, or of advantage and possible convenience on the other, is possible, so far as the United States is concerned. Fully one-half of the lumber consumed in the West is now derived from the Canadian forests, climbing as it does over a wall in the shape of a duty of twenty per cent. The protection thus afforded practically operates as a stimulant for the destruction of American forests. The white woods in Ontario, almost within sight of the border, are of inestimable value in the manufacture of furniture; and there are enormous supplies of bird's-eye maple, black birch, oak, basswood, black ash, and other highly ornamental woods, which, in this country, are of great value for the highest grade of furniture and interior decoration.

Perhaps of all the surprises which the average American encounters in discussing the wealth of Canada, nothing will startle

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him to a greater degree than this statement:—That no country in the world possesses so much iron as Canada, in no land is it so easily mined, and nowhere is it quite so accessible to manufacturing centres. This is a statement which no doubt will challenge contradiction, and it is to be regretted that the space is too small to describe at length the location and precise advantage which the iron supply of this Greater Half of the Continent would afford to the United States. Take the instance at New Glasgow, in Nova Scotia; where, within a radius of six miles, there are found deposits of iron ore of the highest quality, equal to that of any other portion of the world, side by side with limestone, chemically pure, in the immediate presence of coke in abundant quanities, from seams thirty feet thick, lying directly on a railway within six miles of the Atlantic Ocean! Could there by any possibility be a combination more fortuitous than this? Throughout Nova Scotia there are deposits of ore of the greatest possible value; but, in Quebec, and especially in Ontario, the value of the iron deposits is something enormous. Near the city of Ottawa there is a hill of iron called the Haycock mine, which would yield an output of one hundred tons per day of ore for one hundred and fifty years without being exhausted. On the line of the Ottawa, on the St. Lawrence, in the Eastern townships, on the Kingston & Pembroke Railway, on the Central Ontario Railway, through Lake Nipissing, in Lake Winnipeg on Big Island, and on Vancouver's Island, there are enormous deposits of ore, all possessing this singular advantage, of almost a freedom from phosphorus. It has been truly said that "what the devil is to religion, that phosphorus is to iron." The peculiar advantage of the Canadian ore in this respect is sufficiently demonstrated by the fact that, in the face of a duty of seventy-five cents per ton, this iron is being steadily paid for its introduction, for the purpose of mixing with other ores, at Joliet, Ill., at Pittsburgh, Pa., and at other points. A market such as the United States would afford, if it were free, and the introduction of enterprise and capital, would create for these deposits the same development and the same value that have followed the activity in the Vermillion, Menominee and Gogebic regions. These latter deposits are almost within sight of Canada, and are but the edge of the great Laurentian range or belt of minerals, which, starting on the Labrador coast, covers the vast area of Canada,

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paralleling the St. Lawrence and the great lakes, till they find an ending in the Algoma district—a locality that has been aptly described as a great treasure house of minerals, waiting only the touch of American enterprise, and stimulated by an American, to yield results far exceeding those of any mineral development on the continent.

Coincident with the presence of these great deposits of iron ore, are discoveries of even greater importance in copper and nickel, and in other metals hitherto absolutely nameless but of surpassing value. The copper development at Bruce mines, and especially and recently at Sudbury Junction, on the north shore of Lake Superior, is likely to be even more profitable than that of the famous Calumet and Hecla mines on the south shore of the same lake, whose payment of thirty millions of dividends on a capitalization of two and a half millions of dollars, is a realization beyond the dreams of avarice. Already Ohio capitalists have invested over a million of dollars on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway in these deposits. The development of nickel, of which there are only two or three known deposits in the world, is of great significance; while in gold and in silver, especially the latter, very excellent success has rewarded the efforts of the prospectors. Perhaps the most marvelous yield of silver that the world has ever seen was at Silver Islet, within the Canadian border, on the Lake Superior shore, where, for a space of two or three years, an output was realized that enriched the owners with a rapidity equaled only by dreams in the "Arabian Nights." In British Columbia immense quantities of gold are known to exist, and the fact that over fifty million dollars worth has been mined from only a dozen localities, hardly yet developed, is full of the deepest significance, as indicating what yet remains in that distant region to reward the adventurous effort of the denizens of this continent.

But it is not alone in these prominent metals that Canada is rich in natural resources. In phosphates, she possesses enormous quantites of the purest character. No country in the world needs fertilizers more than large portions of the United States, and no country is better able to supply them than Canada. Analysis shows that Canadian phosphates contain phosphoric acid up to forty-seven and forty-nine per cent., equivalent to eighty to eighty-eight per cent. of phosphate of lime. No contribution to

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the wealth of the continent is of greater value than the development of the Canadian phosphates. In asbestos, in mica, antimony, arsenic, pirites, oxides of iron, marble, graphites, plumbago, gypsum, white quartz for potter's use, siliceous sand-stones for glass, emery and numerous other products, Canada possesses enormous quantities awaiting the touch of man. In the matter of lead, it is found in almost every province, especially in British Columbia, the lead ore there containing as much as fifteen and half ounces of silver to the ton. The deposits of salt are the largest and the purest on the continent. In the matter of coal it is another startling fact that Canada possesses the only sources of supply on the Atlantic and on the Pacific, and that between these two there are stretches of coal deposits amounting to ninety-seven thousand square miles. The magnitude of the interests involved in this question of the supply of coal, its contiguity and economy of handling, are of vast importance to the United States. It is significant testimony to the important position which Canada holds on the question of coal supply, when it is recalled that away down on the Atlantic the manufacturing coal of Nova Scotia should without doubt supply the manufacturing centres of New England, at a minimum of cost; while midway across the continent, in wide stretches of territory of the lowest temperature, supplies should be drawn from the sources which Providence has placed within the Canadian border, and, still further, that, on the distant shores of the Pacific, San Francisco and contiguous cities should at this time be drawing their supply of artificial heat from the mines of British Columbia, and paying a tax to the overburdened treasury of the United States of seventy-five cents a ton.

And now, having most inadequately set forth some of the plainly marked features of the greater half of the North American Continent, it remains to be asked—What destiny awaits it all? It is true that the statements made herein are nearly all in the nature of surprises, but they take on this form mostly because of the hitherto good-natured indifference of the people of the United States in all that relates to Canada. But a change in this respect impends. The Canadian question forces itself upon the public mind for adjustment; and, aside from serious complications, involving the relations with a European power, whose navy is the only menace this country may fear, the circumstances

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of the hour make it imperative that at last a policy must be decided upon, continental in its character, and continental in its consequences. The strange sense of limitation that thus early in the history of the United States is felt, when there is no more new territory to occupy; the necessity that exists for the widest field for supply of wants that brook no refusal, as in lumber, non-phosphorus iron ores, coal, fresh water fish in the North-west, phosphates, barley, and other products, either peculiar to Canada or geographically essential to local progress and local convenience; the serious unsettled railway transportation problem, involving the possible discontinuance of the Inter-state Commerce laws, or the destruction of profit to American railway systems running east and west; the future destination of immigration, so as not to completely politically extinguish the American; the wornout fishery dispute; the canal discrimination; a free St. Lawrence to supplement a free Mississippi,—all these are questions too important to remain in chaos. But, in addition to all these, is the necessity that arises out of the recent triumph of the Republican party, that a policy should actuate its leaders, commensurate with its greatness; that its return to power should be signalized by achievements that will make its claim to continued confidence less insecure than it has hitherto been. The bitter lesson of defeat four years ago, and of narrowed majorities in significant localities since, will not be unheeded, especially if, in manufacturing centres, it can be made to appear that by opening up a market, continental in extent, an outlet is afforded for the over-production which the stimulant of protection has created. If this market can be secured at the expense of that hated rival, the British manufacturer, so much the better for the purpose in view; for the frantic bid for the anti-British vote will unfortunately still be necessary to political party existence. Still another motive may be found for vast expenditures, justified by the acquirement of territory, in order to beget a reduction of the surplus without the disturbance of the equilibrium of taxation. All this catalogue of essentials in the present political situation revolve around a policy which may have a Continental Unity for its aim, and which, narrowed down to practical politics, involves an attempt to shape the future destiny of Canada. The considerations that surround this whole question are of a character most comprehensive,

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and they will, doubtless, be discussed in this country with frankness and liberality. It is submitted, however, that the almost universal conclusion reached in the public mind, that Canada should form a part of the Union, should be revised. Usually there are two parties to a bargain; in this case the parties number three,—the United States, Canada, and Great Britain. Whether the latter is quite ready for an extension over the entire continent, comprising 40 per cent. of her empire, of the principles of the Declaration of Independence which in former years she struggled so vainly to defeat, may well be doubted. Whether the people of Canada themselves, treated by the mother country with all the affectionate consideration born of experience with her elder wayward daughter, are ready to sever the slender ties that bind them to British connection, even for material advantages, is by no means certain. Indeed, to many it would appear that no revolution in sentiment could possibly be greater than the change which would be necessary to bring about a willingness on the part of the Canadians to forfeit their loyalty and the many advantages which in their form of government they possess. A political union, to those best informed, seems most difficult and distant. To these, however, a commercial union which, so far as trade and commerce is concerned, would be just as advantageous, is among the early attainable possibilities.

ERASTUS WIMAN.

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THE CAPTAIN'S WORK ON AN ATLANTIC LINER.

DURING the many voyages that I have made across the Atlantic, between Liverpool and New York, I have met a number of people who appear to have a very vague idea of the duties and responsibilities that rest upon the Captain of a transatlantic steamer of the present day. When in conversation with them, I have often heard the remark made that the position of Captain was a very easy and enjoyable one.

A lady, the wife of a prominent New York merchant, once said to me that she thought it a grand thing to be the commander of a large passenger steamer. "Why, Captain," she continued, "you seem to have nothing to do but to enjoy yourself; you have officers to look after the ship; you have servants to attend to your every want; you come in contact with the best of society, and you live like a prince. 'You are monarch of all you survey,' and what better or grander position could you desire?"

I attempted to enlighten her a little regarding the responsibility and care resting upon me; but, as she could only see one side of the picture, I gave up the task as hopeless. Upon our arrival in New York, she left the ship in the full conviction that my position was one ardently to be desired. Even among old travelers this same idea seems to prevail, as I have frequently been told by them, after the pilot had been taken on board, that my care and responsibility here now ended.

I have often felt inclined to enlighten the traveling public on this subject, but my time has been too fully occupied to do so. Now that the opportunity offers, I avail myself of it.

From the moment that the captain puts his foot on board his ship at Liverpool, until he returns and reports her safe arrival at the office of the company to which she belongs, he, and he alone, is held responsible for anything and everything that may

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occur during the round voyage. No matter how slight an accident may happen, he must give written details regarding it.

I will briefly describe one of my winter voyages on board the White Star steamer "Germanic," and the public can then decide if the life of a commander is as princely and luxurious as many seem to imagine.

The hour of sailing was at four P. M. At 1:30 I took the tender and went out to my ship, anchored in the river, where I had left her, after taking her out of dock. It was a part of my duty to be there and receive the Board of Trade officials, who go on board every steamer, and see that all is right before she is allowed to proceed on her voyage. Shortly after four o'clock the passengers came out with the tender, and, after the mails and baggage were taken on, we were ready to start. The weather looked threatening, and it bid fair to be, in sailor language, a "dirty" night.

We were hardly out of the river, when a dense fog settled down on us. I decided not to anchor, but kept on at a reduced speed, with the lead going, and extra lookouts placed on the forecastle. In this way we reached the bar, and I then remained solely in charge, as the pilot had finished his work, and left the bridge. As all vessels bound to Liverpool from the different ports of Ireland and Wales make for the bar lightship, we were continually meeting them; and it was necessary to exercise the greatest care to avoid collisions. I passed so closely to one, that I could distinctly hear the voices of the men on deck, but could see nothing. The sounds died away as they proceeded on their course up channel.

The fog increased in density, and I was compelled to go dead slow. In the event of a collision becoming inevitable I could bring my ship to a stand-still by reversing the engines. After passing Holyhead in safety, I shaped my course for Tuskar, on the Irish coast. At this point the fog cleared, and leaving the officer of the watch in charge with orders to call me if it came on again, I went to my chart-room and lay down on my sofa.

I had rested about two hours when I heard the electric bell above my head. I had not removed any of my clothing, and in a moment was on the bridge. It had come on as thick as before, and nothing could be seen. The compass and the lead were my only guides to our position, and the nature of the bottom and

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depth of water told me whether I was on the Welsh or Irish coast.

Sailing vessels and steamers were constantly passing, but we did not see them, and could only hear the sound of their horns and steam whistles, which indicated to me their position, but gave me no information as to the course they were steering. Tuskar is another turning point in the Irish channel, and one is liable to meet vessels steering in all directions. As each attempts to get within sound of the fog signal placed on the rock on which the lighthouse stands, the danger of collision at such a time is very great, and the ship requires the strictest care, judgment, and watchfulness of the captain.

After passing Tuskar, I shaped my course for the Saltee's lightship—another danger on the Irish coast—using the lead continually to bring us within hearing of the syrene trumpet placed on the lightship. We passed this in safety; the course then is straight to the entrance of Queenstown. As we approached the land on the west side of the harbor, I kept the lead constantly going; for, if the distance is overrun, there is danger of getting on shore on a rough rocky coast, which would entail certain destruction to the ship, with a terrible loss of life. To find the anchorage near Queenstown lighthouse the lead was kept going, as fast as possible, until we got twelve fathoms of water, when I let go my anchor, and my ship was riding with forty-five fathoms of cable out.

As the steamer was expected, the pilot stationed at the lighthouse was on the watch; upon hearing the signal made by the steam-whistle, he came off in his boat and was heartily received by all on board; especially, when he pronounced the ship anchored in a safe place.

Making such a passage as this, which takes much longer time than in fair weather, there is but little opportunity for the captain to have any rest or sleep. The officers are relieved every four hours, which gives them ample time to recover from their fatigue. The captain must continue at his post, as no officer can relieve him of one iota of the responsibility resting upon him; no matter how long the fog may continue, he must remain on the bridge until it clears, or his ship is in safety.

I made one passage, from Liverpool to Queenstown, which lasted thirty-two hours; and during that time the fog never lifted

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nor cleared away. I remained on the bridge the entire thirty-two hours, having my food brought to me by my servant. When I went to my room, after the ship was anchored, I was only too glad to take the rest I so much needed.

We arrived at Queenstown at 2 P. M. After taking on mails and passengers, the anchor was hove up, and we proceeded on our way to New York. As the fog had not cleared, and as nothing could be seen of the land, I again took my station on the bridge. When approaching Fastnet, the wind, that had been from the southeast, veered to the southwest, and the fog showed signs of clearing. After passing that point, it steadily increased, and we had fine weather. When well clear of the land, I left the bridge, with the usual instructions to the officer of the watch, and retired to my room.

I was very soon asleep, and slept soundly until near midnight, when I was aroused by hearing a vessel reported. Going on the bridge I saw a steamer passing south of us and bound for the Irish channel. All signs of fog had disappeared; the stars were out and there was every prospect of a fine night.

For the first time since leaving Liverpool, I felt that I could go to bed. I had good and efficient officers to leave in charge of the watches, and I knew that I could rely upon their vigilance. I slept until eight o'clock the following morning, and when I awoke found myself refreshed; but, upon getting up to dress, my limbs and body ached terribly, and it was several days before I had recovered from the fatigue that I had undergone.

During the night the wind had freshened, and it was then blowing hard from the westward. At noon it had increased to a strong gale from the northwest, with a heavy sea covering the deck fore and aft with spray, so that few of the passengers were able to appear.

The gale continued without intermission until we reached the Banks of Newfoundland, when it moderated, and the wind went back to the south. By the time we struck soundings on the east edge of the banks, we were enveloped in another dense fog, which compelled us to reduce the speed of the ship.

The fog lasted all the way across the Banks, which kept me constantly on the bridge, and did not clear away until after we had passed the entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The wind then shifted to the northwest and increased to a heavy gale, which

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lasted for twenty-four hours. After passing Sable Island, it backed from northwest to northeast, and, when night came on, the barometer fell and it began to snow heavily.

Snow at sea is quite as bad as fog ; and, as I was in the track of vessels bound to the eastward, I had to remain on the bridge as long as the snow lasted. As day broke the next morning it cleared away, and left us with fine weather and a strong breeze from the northeast. All sail was soon set, and the ship went flying along toward New York. In such weather as this, I had to take a nap with all my clothes on when I could get it, and my meals in the chart-room, or on the bridge, as the case might be.

As we neared Nantucket the wind died away and got round to the southeast, which brought us another fog. This lasted until we got off Block Island, at the entrance to Long Island Sound. In a shower of heavy rain the wind shifted to northwest, which brought clear weather, although it blew a heavy gale. This continued until we arrived at Sandy Hook, where we took on board a pilot. As the tide was favorable, we crossed the bar and proceeded to Staten Island. After a short delay at quarantine we reached our dock, and landed passengers and mails, thus ending a stormy passage of ten days and a half from Liverpool.

During that time I had taken off my clothes three nights, and when I got to New York I was completely worn out with fatigue and anxiety.

The duties of a captain in port are light compared with those at sea. As soon as possible after arriving he must go to the Custom House and enter his ship. He is then at liberty to rest, and is very glad to do so. During some portion of each day he is expected to report at the office of the agent, and also to be on board the steamer, so that he has but little time at his own disposal.

As the ship is advertised to sail on a certain day and hour, her stay in port depends mainly upon the length of the passage out from Liverpool. In winter the time is usually much shorter than in summer, owing to the bad weather encountered on the Atlantic at that season of the year. On the voyage that I am now describing we were but four days in New York. During that period the cargo was discharged, the ship was again loaded, and we were ready to sail at the hour appointed.

The captain's last duty before leaving port is to clear his ship,

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and he is then ready for his return passage. A few hours later he is again on his way to sea.

Although a pilot is on the bridge with the captain, the company hold the latter responsible for any accident that may happen. In thick weather—which is often the case when leaving New York—the sail down the harbor to Sandy Hook is anything but pleasant. After passing the forts, the channel is narrow and crooked. As there are so many coasting schooners moving about, some going to sea, others bound up to the city, the navigation is, in thick weather, very intricate, and requires great care and caution on the part of both captain and pilot.

On the return passage to which I refer, I left New York in a fog, with the wind blowing a strong gale from the southeast, but I could see a sufficient distance to find my way down the harbor to Sandy Hook. After passing the Hook it came on very thick. As the channel was too narrow in which to turn my ship round for the purpose of returning to the anchorage inside the Hook, I was compelled to continue on my course.

During the winter, the channel is marked with spar buoys, which cannot be seen until one is very near them, so that I experienced great difficulty in getting over the bar. Fortunately I had a good pilot, and with the aid of the lead I found the station boat and put him on board. I was soon in deep water. The sea was very heavy, and had the ship got out of the channel and taken the ground, the consequences would have been very serious.

With brief intervals of clear weather, the fog continued to the Banks of Newfoundland, when, after a heavy downfall of rain, the wind shifted to the westward, and I was thankful indeed for the change. From the time I left New York until we reached the Banks, I had not been in my bed; and the only sleep that I had was lying on the chart-room sofa during the short time that the fog lifted. I have felt so exhausted, while standing, that I have been compelled to send for a camp stool, and, seated on the fore part of the bridge, with the screen lowered on a level with my eyes, I have kept my lookout.

When the wind shifts from southeast to the westward it is followed by a heavy blow from that quarter; and it was so in the case I refer to. We soon had all sail set and were running before a heavy westerly gale, which lasted until we approached the Irish coast; the wind then moderated and got round to the southward

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and brought thick weather again. A southeast wind is a source of dread to all commanders when nearing this point, as it is always accompanied by a dense fog, which makes the sighting of land and getting into the channel, a very dangerous and difficult undertaking; this is proved by the number of wrecks that occur every year.

To perform this duty successfully, one must be well up in the science of navigation, and well informed regarding the sets of the currents along the coast, besides having a thorough knowledge of the soundings. In fact, the lead, with dead reckoning, which I consider the true science of navigation, is what a captain has mainly to depend upon at such a time.

On this passage, I encountered the fog one hundred miles west of the Fastnet. Fortunately, I had obtained good observations in in the morning for longitude, and at noon for latitude, which gave me my correct position. Knowing that my compasses were accurate and could be relied upon, I ran with confidence for the channel. Nothing was seen of the land, and I was obliged to depend entirely on the soundings, the compasses, and the patent log. The wind was light, so that there was no sea to interfere with the steering.

At six o'clock on Monday morning I was near Queenstown. As I wanted to relieve the owners of all anxiety about the ship, and knowing that I could find my way there with the lead, I determined to do so. I altered my course for the entrance of the harbor, and, at eight o'clock, I had anchored my ship in twelve fathoms of water in the same spot that I had anchored her on my outward passage.

The anxiety of the passengers was great, and many an inquiring look was directed to me as I stood on the bridge, or went into my chart-room to consult my chart. When the anchor was let go, and, in response to my signal, the pilot came on board, the expressions of doubt and dismay, plainly visible on their faces, were changed to those of relief and joy. As I came from the bridge after anchoring, I was greeted with loud cheers, and many congratulated me on my success in bringing my ship safely into port in such a dense fog.

After the tender had left with mail and a few passengers, the anchor was hove up and I started for Liverpool, with the fog as thick as ever, and no sign of clearing, so that I had to take my departure from Caunt's Rock lightship. I made every fog signal

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along the coast without having to alter my course, and when I reached Tuskar I was surrounded with vessels of all descriptions. I could hear the horns of sailing vessels and the whistles of steamers in every direction. Several times, I was compelled to stop in order to avoid a collision; but fortunately I escaped, and, hearing the fog signal on Tuskar Rock, I turned that point and set my course for Holyhead. The fog signal (a gun every fifteen minutes) was distinctly heard, and also the steam trumpet on the Skerries.

Just as I was shaping the course from that point to Liverpool bar the fog cleared away, and I made the Skerries on our starboard beam. Giving the ship full speed and leaving orders with the officer of the watch to call me if I should be wanted, I went to my room to rest. I was ill with fatigue, and could not endure the sight of food. My eyes were bloodshot, and appeared like coals of fire in my head. I found it impossible to sleep, although I had not lain down since the previous Saturday morning at seven o'clock.

I arrived safely in Liverpool, landed the passengers, baggage, and mails, docked my ship, went to the office and reported her safe arrival. I then entered her at the Custom House, and my duty was done for that voyage.

I do not intend to convey the idea to the public that all voyages are like this one that I have described. Were such the case, more ships than do at the present time, would enter port with the dead body of the Captain on board. But such voyages are of frequent occurrence during eight months of the year; and the duty of a commander of an ocean steamer requires him to be constantly on the watch, and keenly alive to every sound. None but those who are experienced know the terrible strain to which the mind and nerves of the captain is subjected when passing through an impenetrable fog. He cannot tell what blunder may be committed by men in command of ships that he may meet; and he must be prepared for any and all emergencies that may arise from such blunders.

Passengers traveling to and from Europe see only the bright side of the captain's life; they are not on deck during a heavy gale; and at night, when he is keeping watch on the bridge, they are sleeping in their berths unconscious of the perils to which they are exposed. It is not surprising that many should form the opinion that they do.

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What, then, is a captain's work? In a few words the question can be answered. To stand by his ship, taking care of her, and of the many precious lives on board; and, with the help of God, bringing her through every danger, in whatsoever form it may present itself, in safety into port.

CHAS. WM. KENNEDY,
Late Commander of White Star Steamer "Germanic."

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THE NEXT NATIONAL REFORM.

As soon and as often as a result of a closely contested election is announced the cry of bribery and corruption is raised throughout the country by the defeated party or candidates. Less often, either in defiance or despair, is heard the question made famous by a "practical politician" of New York in answer to fierce denunciations of his own knavery, "Well, what are you going to do about it?" Yet this should be the paramount issue of the hour.

Men of both parties and all parties without doubt have perverted the spirit of the law even when they have not offended against its letter, and the honest historian will be obliged to record that the machinery of the purest parties, at certain times and places, has been alienated to unlawful and unworthy purposes, at variance with the "true intent and meaning" of the Constitution. How shall political corruption be prevented? I repeat there is but one efficient remedy for the evil—a radical reorganization of our machinery of election—a reconstruction having as its chief purpose to render fraud impossible. For without a strong and non-partisan movement that shall initiate a system of honest voting, making bribery unprofitable and knavery impotent, popular elections in America will become a farce, and Democratic institutions a prey to the same disintegrating forces that encompassed the ruin of earlier free governments.

It is a waste of time to discuss whether this or that party is the greater offender in any given election. What we need is not a victim or a verdict or a paliative, but a preventive. No temporary remedies will suffice. It should be an uncompromising crusade against political knavery—a war to the death—as it was a war to the death against American slavery.

No legislative remedy for the prevention of fraud at elections will prove effective unless it provides for two essential features:

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an absolutely secret ballot and the assumption by the national, state, or municipal governments of the essential lawful expenses of candidates. But an act that secured these factors would deal an immediate death-blow to political corruption at the polls.

In first taking up this vital question, in lonely earnestness, some few years ago, and in drafting the first bill for the new Electoral Reform in New York, it seemed to me that a remedy so radical would demand years of agitation. Yet to-day it is the battle cry of the Empire State. To-morrow it bids fair to become a practical issue of reform throughout the Union. Honest men, without distinction of class, creed, or previous condition of servitude to political bosses, unite in demanding this reform, and I cannot refrain from again presenting the more salient features of the great issue.

Under the existing system of balloting in New York State, which is a sad and striking example of some of the worst methods prevailing in the United States, there is and there can be no adequate protection against the most shameless perversion of the popular will. No official verdict can be trustfully accepted as the true popular verdict. Any one who doubts this fact can assure himself of it on any election day in New York City, by an early visit to the polls in the populous districts, especially in the lodging-house centres. There will present itself to the astonished gaze of the uninitiated the strange sight of voters marched to the polls in squads of two, three and four under the direction of a trained party "worker." In order to secure the proper casting of their ballots, those "independent" voters are there required to hold up their right hand exposing the ballot in that position until cast. The "consideration" is generally five dollars, sometimes lower, but often as high as ten dollars. Mr. Henry A. Gumbleton, who has given considerable attention to this matter, estimated the lodging-house population of New York City, on October 1, 1886, at eight per cent. of the entire city electorate. Let it be borne in mind that a really secret ballot would provide for and enforce the secret marking of ballots furnished by the State. No one but the voter would be allowed to enter the compartment provided for marking his ballots, and the arrangement would preclude supervision by the present class of vote buyers or their representatives. In these circumstances no candidate could be induced to pay for votes the casting of

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which must be accepted on faith; for, being unable to see the "goods delivered," the machinations of unscrupulous candidates would be relegated to the past. Our political Othello's occupation would be gone.

Having disposed of the question of secrecy, which involves mainly the questions of bribery and of the undue influence of the employer over the employed, the next best safeguard lies in the printing and distribution of ballots at public expense. It is clear that such a provision will at once dispose of many expenses that cannot be claimed as really necessary. The present system furnishes the excuse for innumerable "assessments" under cover of "necessary expenses" demanded for "workers" and ticket peddlers. Under this method the actually necessary expenses are so excessive in metropolitan districts that poor men are practically debarred from election to any high office within the gift of the people without mortgaging their official acts in advance to the persons or organizations that defray their campaign disbursements.

Nothing but a new law, honest in its provisions, and honestly enforced, can guard the people against the inroad on popular government which unscrupulous organization menaces to-day.

It is not too much, I think, to hope that the popular feeling in favor of ballot reform in the great State of New York, and the promise of its early enactment is seconded throughout the Union by a marked tendency to correct the abuses of the ballot, North and South, East and West.

The Southern question can find no better solution than in the rigid enforcement of the law at the ballot-box, and while such rigid enforcement of the laws in the election of all public officers may call for time and be beset with serious difficulties at the outset, there can be no question of the constitutional right of Congress to enact laws for the fair election of Congressmen from every State in the Union. It will be for the Fifty-first Congress to determine whether or not it will assume this grave responsibility.

No one could entertain kindlier feelings toward the South than the present writer, but it seems time to cast aside the fear of encountering the hackneyed reproach of "waving the bloody shirt" that is made whenever the question of Southern election methods is raised. The issue to face is not a sectional one. It is the issue

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squarely and honestly made in debate by Senator Eustis, of Louisiana, on the floor of the Senate Chamber. Practically, his words amounted to this declaration: Gentlemen of the North, we admit what you say about Southern elections, and we think well enough of you to believe that you would act as we act under similar circumstances.

Would we act likewise under similar circumstances? If we cannot accept this imputation we cannot continue to tacitly endorse it by failing to protect the rights of every lawful voter.

Let us hope that the time is near at hand when the South will lay aside its prejudices and cease to pervert the powers restored to it by a generous nation. There is no more auspicious omen in American politics to-day than the growing resistance in all parties, North and South, to the theories and practices of Bourbon domination.

ALLEN THORNDIKE RICE.

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TWO NEW YORK STATES.

THE question is here submitted, rather than discussed, whether the respective interests of New York City, New York State, and the country at large do not imperatively demand that the State of New York be divided into two States ?

If the proposition be first considered in its political aspects, few of those who take an active part in public affairs will dismiss it hastily. Certain facts, that seem to have been the more widely ignored as their meaning was plainer, must, in the light of this special inquiry, become sufficiently glaring to attract general attention. It will then be found that they are peculiarly suggestive, and that further indifference to their teachings may be pregnant with consequences that the City, the State and the Nation would have good cause to deplore.

The first of these facts is the regular oscillation of the Empire State, every four years, from one political pole to the other. In the last twenty years six Presidential elections have been held, and not once did New York cast its vote in favor of the candidate of the party which it had sustained in the previous contest. Republican in 1864 and Democratic in 1868, Republican in 1872 and Democratic in 1876, Republican in 1880 and Democratic in 1884, this State, with the mechanical precision of a pendulum, swung back to the Republican side in 1888.

In all instances but two the majority, or plurality, was an insignificant fraction of the total vote cast in the State. It was less than one per cent. in 1864, a trifle over one per cent. in 1868, 1.90 per cent. in 1880, less than one-tenth of one per cent. in 1884, and about one per cent. in 1888. The first exception was in 1872, when the State of New York, that had given Seymour a majority of ten thousand over Grant in 1868, gave Grant, then far less popular than at the time of his first election, a majority of fifty-two thousand over Greeley.

But this result, as everybody knows, was chiefly brought about by the abstention of many democrats ; for the total vote

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cast in the State was twenty thousand less than in 1868, although the population had increased at its usual rate; and, while the Republican vote showed a gain of only twenty-one thousand, the Democratic vote showed a loss of forty-three thousand. The second exception, and the only one of any importance, was in 1876, when Tilden's plurality in this State amounted to thirty-two thousand seven hundred, or 3.21 per cent. of the vote cast within its borders.

In 1876, New York became the pivotal State *par excellence*, and has remained so ever since. Its small pluralities have settled three Presidential contests in succession, and we might say four, were it not for the work of the Electoral Commission. A few thousand, and, in one instance, a few hundred political "converts" have actually decided who should govern this mighty republic. At any time during that period it would have been in the power of a small but compact organization of political "strikers" to change the result. For aught we know there may be such an organization in existence; and if there is none as yet we need not despair of its advent, for in these days of trusts and syndicates the principle that there is strength in union cannot fail to impress itself some day upon the minds of impecunious politicians.

Nor is the political uncertainty of the State of New York, taken as a whole, the result of a healthy equipoise of opinion in all its parts. That portion of it which, small in area but densely populated, lies to the south of the Westchester County boundary line is persistently and overwhelmingly Democratic. The other portion is not less persistently and not less overwhelmingly Republican. The Democratic pluralities of the former section were 78,000 in 1876, 54,000 in 1880, 64,476 in 1884, and about 73,000 in 1888; the Republican pluralities of the latter were 46,000 in 1876; 75,000 in 1880; 63,429 in 1884; and about 86,000 in 1888. No other State is so completely divided in political sentiment by a geographical line, and no two States, however distant geographically, are wider apart politically than the two sections which we are now considering.

These two sections do not progress at the same rate. The smallest in area is still the smallest in population, but it is gaining fast upon the other. And here, for convenience of language and brevity of expression, let the section south of the Westchester

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line, embracing the six counties of New York, King's, Queen's, Suffolk, Richmond, and Westchester, be known as the "Metropolitan counties," while the term "Northern counties" will be understood to mean all the other portion of the State. In the thirty years—1850–1880—the population of the Metropolitan counties increased from 801,000 to 2,098,000, or 161 per cent.; whereas that of the Northern counties increased from 2,295,000 to 2,984,000, or 30 per cent. only. From what is known of their respective growth in late years it is safe to say that in 1892, when the next Presidential election is to take place, the population of the State will be about equally divided between the two sections, and that in 1900, if not before, the Metropolitan counties will have a preponderance of numbers.

In ordinary times, there is at work a law of political gravitation, according to which the party prevailing within a certain area preserves and even increases its percentage of majority as the population in that area increases. The task of tracing this law to its origin might best devolve upon the psychologist, while any consideration of its effects on the body politic would properly belong to the social philosopher. The first of those intellectual speculators might find a parallel to it in the natural impulse of the *moutons de Panurge* to jump where one of them was seen jumping; while the second might lose his temper in viewing the corporate evils that necessarily flow from the readiness of each stupid individual to think like his nearest and, perchance, more stupid neighbor. But no attempt can be made here to philosophize so deeply and, perhaps, so needlessly. It is enough, for the practical purpose in view, to state that in the present condition of public intelligence, social ethics and political relations, there is such a law; and that, while it may not be eternal—or even so absolute as to effectively resist that higher law of progress through which, from time to time, the political sentiment of great masses of people undergoes a spontaneous and radical modification—yet its operation is sufficiently constant, under ordinary circumstances, to afford a correct basis of calculation as to the relative strength of political parties for a period of years more or less limited.

If this be admitted, the conclusion is obvious that the twenty years' deadlock in the Empire State cannot last much longer; and that, barring out the possibility of a great independent political

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movement of the working classes, productive of much confusion, the time must soon come when the crushing Democratic majorities cast by the Metropolitan counties will carry the State at every election. Observe, that it would long have been in their power to do it but for the tariff question. They have, in fact, done it uninterruptedly for many years in State contests. With the exception of Cornell, whose election, in 1879, was the direct result of Tammany's rebellion, under the lead of John Kelly, against the Tilden wing of the Democracy, every governor of the State of New York for the past thirteen years was a Democrat. The outcome of the last campaign is more suggestive, perhaps, than any previous one. Cleveland was defeated, but Hill was elected. The tariff issue cannot live forever. It may not survive the terrible blow which it has received in the person of Cleveland; or, by one of those sudden reversals of public judgment in economic matters which a crisis or a change of economic conditions frequently produces, what has thus far proved to be the popular side of the question may become the unpopular. At any rate, let it be withdrawn from politics, or for some reason lose its terrors, and from that moment a Republican constituency of more than 500,000 voters and 3,000,000 people will have lost all chances of ever being represented in the Electoral College, and probably also, a little later, in the United States Senate. Outside of the Metropolitan counties it will be a perfunctory duty to vote for a President. Concerning the settlement of those important issues which a national contest usually involves, the vast community in question, greater in population than any of the States but three, will have practically nothing to say and might as well be disfranchised.

In the matter of State legislation and State government, that great community would soon fare hardly better. The field of its political influence and action would be mostly confined to the administration of its cities and towns, and this even might be curtailed by the interference of the legislature. To all appeals for justice and home rule, it would, perhaps, be answered that the metropolis had likewise suffered, long and grievously, at the hands of corrupt partisans when the Republican counties had it in their power to make the laws.

Much has been said of the tyranny of majorities, and nothing is truer than that they may prove the worst of despots. To guard

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against such a possible evil was the constant pre-occupation of our people a century ago, and the Constitution itself was not adopted without a struggle between the advocates of a strong government and those who esteemed individual freedom of even more value than national independence. In the course of time, however, the most ardent champions of liberty came to believe that the political institutions of this Republic, rooted in the principle of equal rights, pervaded throughout with the spirit of self-government, and resting on the fundamental independence of the smallest unit, although far from perfect, but readily perfectible, afforded ample security for the spontaneous and constant evolution of freedom. Surely they had not contemplated the possibility, under those institutions, of a stupendous despotism, a tyranny of the majority, such as we see growing in the State of New York. And, after all, it is not owing to any defect in our political institutions that this condition of affairs has developed. While they cannot, of themselves, prevent it if we choose to submit to it, they afford an easy remedy if we desire to put an end to it. By a simple division of the Empire State into two States, each section would immediately secure its autonomy and take its proper place in national politics, enjoying neither more nor less influence than its relative importance justly entitles it to.

But what is simple and just is not what necessarily commends itself to the "practical politicians." And insomuch as this class of people have it largely in their power to promote or defeat any public measure, the question, "How will it work?" must be be considered from their own partisan standpoint.

Of the thirty-eight States * that now compose the Union, six-

(*) *Democratic States.*

	Votes.		Votes.
Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	New Jersey	9
Delaware	3	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	South Carolina	9
Georgia	12	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	13
Louisiana	8	Virginia	12
Maryland	8		
Mississippi	9	Total	156

Republican States.

	Votes.		Votes.
Colorado	3	Nevada	3
Illinois	22	New Hampshire	4
Iowa	13	Ohio	23
Kansas	9	Oregon	3
Maine	6	Pennsylvania	30
Massachusetts	14	Rhode Island	4
Minnesota	7	Vermont	4
Nebraska	5	Wisconsin	11
		Total	161

Doubtful States.

	Votes.		Votes.
California	8	New York	36
Connecticut	6	Michigan	13
Indiana	15	West Virginia	6
		Total	84

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teen (including New Jersey) may be set down as Democratic beyond question, and an equal number as indisputably Republican. Under the present apportionment, the first group of States casts one hundred and fifty-six and the second one hundred and sixty-one votes in the Electoral College. Of late, the States somewhat uncertain on account of their small pluralties were: On the Democratic side, Connecticut with six votes and West Virginia with six; on the Republican side, California with eight votes, and Michigan with thirteen. The absolutely unreliable States were New York with thirty-six votes and Indiana with fifteen.

But, in view of recent events, it is now sufficiently obvious to the impartial observer that if the Republicans found it impossible to carry the manufacturing State of Connecticut in two successive presidential campaigns conducted upon the tariff issue exclusively, they cannot, under circumstances either similar or even less favorable to them, carry it in the future. Connecticut, like New Jersey,—and for the same reasons—must be written down a Democratic State, subject, of course, to such changes as may there and elsewhere be produced by national issues entirely new and profoundly stirring. On the other hand, West Virginia is showing plainly, by the steady decrease of her Democratic pluralities, by the culminating closeness of the last presidential contest within her borders, and by the rapid increase of Republican majorities in those of her counties which, owing to the development of her industries, are growing fast in population, that the same economic forces that bind Pennsylvania to the Republican party have actually detached her from the galaxy of Democratic States. Of California little can be said, notwithtanding her almost unbroken record of microscopic Republican pluralities. But of Michigan it may be observed that the disintegrating influences of Greenback, Labor and Prohibition politics are evidently tending to make that State the most uncertain of all. By fusion and confusion the Democrats have repeatedly carried it upon State issues, securing a large majority in the Legislature, and even in the Congressional delegation. Indiana, under the same influences as those which can be seen at work in Michigan, became a doubtful State in 1876. By a singular coincidence, it has in each Presidential contest since that time given a small plurality to the same party that New York happened to sustain. That local pride and expectations had something to do with the

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hard-won success of the President-elect in his own State is a reasonable supposition; but that Indiana, in ordinary circumstances, belongs to the Democrats, appears to the disinterested observer of political currents a foregone conclusion.

Now, it must be borne in mind that, taking the States as represented in the Electoral College at this time, if Connecticut, for the reasons given, be granted to the Democrats, the party that does not carry New York can succeed only by carrying all the other doubtful States, viz., California, Indiana, Michigan and West Virginia. This possibility, as we have just seen, is reduced to a minimum by the evident tendency of West Virginia to become irrevocably Republican, and of Indiana to become steadfastly Democratic. On the other hand, the party that carries New York needs only one of those four States to elect its candidate.

True, the positive and relative standing of the States in the Electoral College will be somewhat altered by the next decennial reapportionment of votes in accordance with the population returns of the census of 1890. But from what is known of the growth of the country in its various sections, it does not appear that any change from this source may be such as to substantially alter the relative strength of the two parties. The Republicans, however, may and doubtless will improve the opportunity they have of strengthening themselves by the admission of one State at least, and probably two States, cut out of the Territories, thereby gaining from six to ten votes in the Electoral College. But even then, with Indiana on the Democratic side, the vote of New York will settle the contest. In any way that we may figure, if the least regard is paid to actual conditions and known data, the conclusion is inevitable that, unless New York be divided into two States, the comparatively small preponderance of one of its sections over the other will absolutely determine our national policy, in so far as that policy is involved in the election of a President. And, as this preponderance is increasingly Democratic, the obvious prospect is a period of Democratic administration, beginning in 1892, and the end of which can only come through the operation of forces now unknown and unforeseen.

It is, therefore, superfluous to observe that any proposition to divide the State of New York into two States must, *à priori*, be regarded with abhorrence by the partisan Democrat and viewed

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with extreme favor by the partisan Republican. Upon further investigation, it will be found, however, that the division would by no means have the effect of transferring from one party to the other an indefinite and indisputable lease of power. It would simply keep the Presidency in doubt, and the two parties on their best behavior. Let us take, as a basis of calculation, the present number of electoral votes cast by each State, amounting in all to four hundred and one. To this should be added the ten votes of the two new States cut out of the territories, and the two additional votes to which New York would be entitled by its division into two States, equal in population and having each nineteen votes. The total number of electoral votes would thus be increased to four hundred and thirteen, of which two hundred and seven would be required to elect a president. Upon this basis, and granting—for the reasons above given—Connecticut and Indiana to the Democrats, and West Virginia to the Republicans, the two parties would be exactly equal in *known* strength, each being sure of one hundred and ninety-six votes, as follows:

DEMOCRATIC STATES.

The 16 States unquestionably Democratic (see foot-note, page 90)	156 votes
Connecticut (6) and Indiana (15)	21 "
One-half of New York	19 "
Total	196 "

REPUBLICAN STATES.

The 16 States unquestionably Republican (see foot-note page 90)	161 vote s
West Virginia	6 "
The two new States cut out of the territories	10 "
One-half of New York	19 "
Total	196 "

DOUBTFUL STATES.

California	8 votes
Michigan	13 "
Total	21 "

California and Michigan would cast the deciding votes. It has already been remarked that, although their respective record in national politics is Republican, both are now uncertain, especially the latter. Both are also far better qualified than New York to act the part of arbiters in a close presidential contest, because in both the political sentiment is fairly divided throughout, whereas in the Empire State it is intensely sectional. Moreover—and this is of radical import—any change, great or small,

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that might occur in other parts of the country would readily, according to its direction, either dwarf the influence of those two States, by rendering it more or less superfluous, or absolutely destroy it by turning the scales against them; whereas we have seen that so long as New York can cast thirty-six votes on one side, great changes might occur elsewhere without affecting the general result.

This proposition cannot be made too plain. Michigan and California would vote either on the same side or on opposite sides. In the first case, they would cast twenty-one votes for the same candidate. Obviously, then, any change by which twenty-two votes were added to theirs would show that the successful candidate could have been elected without their support; whereas any change by which twenty-two votes were cast in the opposite direction would defeat the party favored by those two States. In the second case, Michigan would cast thirteen votes on one side, and California eight votes on the other. Obviously, any change of six votes would then produce the same results as a change of twenty-two in the first case.

It has been deemed necessary to enter at some length into considerations of this character, tedious as they are, and of more interest to the student of politics than to the average citizen, because, if the issue presented by the title of this paper is to become a public topic, none of the data essential to an honest and intelligent discussion of it should be purposely or ignorantly neglected. But there are other considerations, not less fundamental and of a higher order, some of which will suggest themselves, while a few may properly be suggested here in conclusion.

First, as to the relations of the metropolis with the country at large. Should it be claimed by some that political separation might prove injurious to the city of New York by placing in the hands of another State the control of canals and railroads which have played an important part in her development, the reply is obvious that no serious inconvenience has ever been felt from the control held by the State of New Jersey over many avenues of equal importance. Likewise, the city of Providence has never been injuriously affected by the narrow boundaries of the State of Rhode Island. The power of regulating inter-State commerce, which is vested in the federal government, will undoubtedly assert

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itself with increasing energy. To extensive and far-reaching interests it affords a vastly better and broader security than does State dominion over a large area. In fact, we have already seen that redress could be obtained through it, which would have been denied if State legislatures had been sovereign in such matters.

Secondly, as to the probable fate of the proposition if it were submitted to the people of New York. For obvious reasons, the Republicans might be expected to support it in a body. Many sensible Democrats, who rightly believe that the public interests are not best promoted when the party in power feels impregnable, might agree to it. A number of extreme partisans on the Democratic side, chiefly in the Northern section, would undoubtedly oppose it; but in the Metropolitan counties many of the same class, allured by the vistas of emolument and position which a new State, apparently to be placed under their immediate and exclusive control, would open to them, might reconcile themselves to the idea of sacrificing their rural fellows for the good of the country. And here let it be observed that these selfish expectations might not be realized, to the extent at least of proving more detrimental to the metropolis than its government has been under State interference and manipulation; for home rule would unquestionably awaken a sense of power among the citizens, and of responsibility among the officials, which is now profoundly dormant.

Lastly, as to the new forces that the proposed change might set in motion. Among those who might be expected to warmly sustain the proposition, should be mentioned those shifting bodies of voters, unknown political quantities, which, now united and formidable, then pulverized into factions, have for the last few years puzzled the country. That their erratic motions are the manifestations of a new and as yet wild force, seeking in an awkward way a legitimate channel through the body politic, will not be denied by any man of sense. If we must have a Labor party—and it were folly to believe that the men who but lately cast 68,000 votes for Henry George will not again come together some day, followed by many others and with a clearer notion of their actual purpose—if we must have a Labor party, let the political conditions be such as to correspond with the necessities that call it into existence. In great cities like New York and Brooklyn, where immense num-

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bers of artisans, operatives, laborers, clerks, and wage-earners generally are not only congregated, but to a great extent organized, for mutual protection, certain problems must sooner or later be solved that a legislature largely composed of the representatives of small towns and rural districts is unfit to deal with. And they cannot be solved too early if they are to be solved peaceably.

LUCIEN SANIAL.

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ROBERT ELSMERE'S MENTAL STRUGGLES.

I.

THE hundreds of thousands of people who read "Robert Elsmere" in England and America, approach the book from two wholly different points of view.

By far the larger set of them has been taught from the pulpit, and has believed, that some particular church, Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, or Catholic has distinct title deeds running back to the moment when Jesus Christ parted from his apostles.

The other set has known that there are no such title deeds for any of the great ecclesiastical organizations. The Roman Catholic Church, which Bunsen called "The First of Schismatics," has none. The Episcopal Church has none. The Presbyterian Church has none. Cardinal Newman put the truth forcibly, but not too forcibly, when he said of the Catholic doctrine of Trinity, "The creeds of that early day make no mention in their letter of the Catholic doctrine at all. They make mention, indeed, of a three. But that there is any mystery in the doctrine—that the three are one; that they are co-equal, co-eternal, all increate, all omnipotent, all incomprehensible, is not stated, and never could be gathered from them. Of course, we believe that they imply it, or rather intend it; God forbid we should do otherwise. But nothing in the mere letter of those documents leads to that belief. To give a deeper meaning to their letter we must interpret them by the times which come after;" that is, by the fourth and later centuries.

He goes on to say the same of the one great Christian Council of the third century, of the six great bishops and saints of the first three centuries, of the three great doctrinal writers;—and he quotes Bull, an English bishop, as saying that nearly all the Catholic authors who preceded Arius "*have the appearance*

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of being ignorant of the invisible and incomprehensible nature of the Son."

In the same way, he says of the doctrine of original sin, "There are two doctrines which are generally associated with the name of a Father of the fourth and fifth centuries, and which can allege little definite testimony in their behalf before his time, purgatory and original sin."

All well-read clergymen, interested in history, have always known that these statements of Cardinal Newman are true. that is, that there is an historical gap between modern scientific theology and the New Testament. Since the publication, a few years ago, of an English translation of all the Ante-Nicene fathers, all intelligent English students of nistory, whether clergymen or Greek scholars or not, have had a chance to see this with their own eyes.

To all these people, therefore, the feeling about "Robert Elsmere" has been that, which it is said the reader of a great publishing house had, when he determined that that house should not reprint it for circulation in America: "It is straw which has been thrashed over for fifteen years," he said. It had been thrashed over for him and people like him. But the great run of Christian people had been permitted or led to believe, in what I think an uncandid way,* each that his own church was sustained in its organization and its dogma by the consent and custom of the earliest centuries of Christianity. People always alluded fondly to the "Early Christians," and every one liked to think that the "Early Christians" and he were exactly in accord.

Now "Robert Elsmere" steps in. With artistic skill, Mrs. Ward refuses to tell one word of what he read in these mysterious "studies" which were so fatal to his peace and to Katharine's. All the reader knows is that he came out from his reading sure that there was no apostolic succession; sure, as Cardinal Newman says, in the passage I have cited, tnat there was no scientific doctrine of the Trinity; sure that there was no doctrine of the vicarious atonement in these early books, and shocked to find, for instance, that an author like Clement, a friend of Paul, speaks of the resur-

* I said so in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW some years ago. THE REVIEW and I were much abused in consequence. The "Religious" press answered, almost unanimously, "If Mr. Hale is uncandid, let him reform, but do not let him attack others." But the secular press, with nearly equal unanimity, said that Mr. Hale had touched a sore point.

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rection of the Phœnix once in five hundred years, apparently with the same confidence with which he speaks of the resurrection of Jesus Christ.

Also, Robert Elsmere was one of these people who really believe that a man has a right to be a minister only because he has been ordained by a bishop, who has been ordained by another, who is the last in a long series which began with St. Peter. When he came to read the history of the first three centuries, he found that there was no such succession. He found that those whom modern language chooses to call "bishops," were the business officers of the little Christian communities, who did the work entrusted to them as well as they could, and were quite indifferent about the manner of their appointment. This for a single instance. He found, also, that in the very queer and fragmentary scraps of Christian literature which testify to the existence of the church between the time of St. Paul and the time of Constantine, there is not the least uniformity of doctrine. There is not the slightest critical habit of investigation. There is often preposterous wildness of fancy, amounting to tedious rigmarole. There are confident assertions of many things much harder to believe than the miracles recorded in the gospels. And no pretence is made anywhere to critical investigation of authority or authenticity.

If the plan of the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW permitted, the whole of this number could be filled with very entertaining extracts from these books of two centuries and a half, which Robert Elsmere read. Most of them are not very long books. It is fair, perhaps, to say that none of them were written by men of genius; almost all of them are written by very ignorant men, and some by very foolish men, so that this word "rigmarole" applies very fairly to much more than half of their contents. For all this, they are vastly entertaining, sometimes amusing, though often ridiculous. Almost the whole of these collections is contained in a series known as the "Ante-Nicene Fathers," which has been published, quite conveniently, within the last twenty years. The fact that these things exist in English now, while formerly they were buried in Greek and Latin, is one of the reasons why the young theologians of the "established" church now read them a great deal more easily than they did. Indeed, if anybody asks why the revulsion of feeling which now shows itself in the Eng-

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lish Church Congress, never showed itself fifty years ago, it is probable that a good working answer would be found in the fact that Englishmen now read the literature of the first three centuries a great deal more easily than they could read it before. Frankly, let it be said, the average clergyman in a country cure in England did not read Greek at sight very easily, and would rather read "The Guardian" in English than such a book as Tatian's "Orator," or "The Constitutions of the Apostles," in rather crabbed Greek. Now he has the whole thing at hand, as any of our readers have, who choose to send to the next good public library to ask for any of this literature, so lately forbidden.*

It also ought to be said, however, that the grand church writers of every school, excepting the liberal schools, have turned up their noses at the literature before the time of Constantine. As Dr. Newman says, theology was not at all "developed" at that time, and it is only a "developed theology" that the church at large has cared to present to Christians at large, whether of the Protestant or of the Roman schisms. Original Christianity, simple Christianity, is quite a different affair from the "developed" or manufactured article. And the reading of these Fathers before Constantine, was by no means encouraging for neophytes, or for anybody else who undertook it, unless he came to it, as Cardinal Newman came to it, with a determination in advance to believe the religion of the Middle Ages, and to make the religion of the first, second, and third centuries match that, by reading between the lines. It has been the fashion, therefore, in most theological schools, in most books of criticism, and, one might say fairly enough, in most well-bred theological circles, to set out of sight the "ignorant and unlearned men," who are, as it happens, the only persons through whom we know what Christianity was, or was doing in the first three hundred years of its existence. I do not myself remember any such curious instance of the suppression by indirection of a sort of literature which came inconveniently in the way of a regnant school. But, if one may be pardoned an allusion to the customs of our own time, it was a little as a modern Democratic president of the United States, holding and using the enormous centralized power of the

* Ask for any volume you choose of "The Ante-Nicene Fathers," or ask for "The Catechism of the Twelve Apostles," which is not in that series.

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federal administration, always speaks very respectfully of Thomas Jefferson, but still takes very good care that none of his earlier maxims, about the danger of a central government, shall ever be alluded to. Cardinal Newman would say that this was a perfectly fair illustration. He would say that the United States has found out that it cannot get along without a very strong central government, that the doctrine of a central government has been "developed" in the last hundred years; and he would say that, in exactly the same way, the church has found out that it cannot get along without an infallible chief, and without a great many other things which cannot be found in the letter of the early records. But, just as a strong central government has been "developed" in the United States, he would say that these convenient enlargements have been "developed" in the history of the church.

So much for the reason why Robert Elsmere and all other intelligent people who care to preserve a historical foundation for Christianity, find that the study of the first three centuries makes Christianity to be a very different thing from what it is called in the creeds of the Dark Ages.

But, on the other hand, those people who have always taken their Christianity simply from the four gospels, have always known that the Saviour of mankind said that love of God and love of man is the whole of it. People who have read Paul's epistles with care know that he said that faith, hope and love are eternal. And they are not surprised if they find that nothing else is eternal. Here, as such people have found long ago, is the working religion, which is the absolute religion which Jesus Christ proclaimed for the world: FAITH, or a steady belief in God and in His absolute presence; HOPE, a steady sense of immortality, working in a life which immortals lead; LOVE, which is now called "altruism," or a feeling on the part of every man that he does not live for himself, but that he lives for the whole race. These three constitute the Way of Life as Jesus Christ understood it and as He tried to make the world understand it.

Now, when people who have been trained to this simple religion read the literature which upset poor Robert Elsmere, they are not upset at all. On the other hand, they find that these simple, foolish, ignorant writers, who have left us the fragments of the Christian literature of the first centuries, are all alive with Faith

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and Hope and Love. They went and came with an absolute belief in the presence of God. Every man, woman or child of them was sure of immortality; they went to martyrdom with perfect delight, because they were sure that they were entering on the larger life. And so much love they had about them, they bore each other's burdens so completely, that the world is not quite sure but that they were socialists and had common property. I do not think they had; but this impression has gone abroad quite widely.

A fair review, then, of the very authorities which upset Robert Elsmere's mediæval Christianity only confirms the religion of people who have been willing to take the four gospels as the text-book, and have rejected all the subsequent creeds and confessions. For one, I am very glad to have the attention of religious people brought back to the interesting and curious early literature which, while it destroys the man-made theology of the last fifteen centuries, sets in new light the simple, absolute religion which was proclaimed by Jesus Christ: "with God, for man, in heaven."

It is interesting to see that Mr. Gladstone, in his review of the book, virtually repeats Cardinal Newman's statement. Thus he says that the baptismal formula "was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostle's Creed." None the less does he claim that that creed must be received, if we are to have a good working religion. And he seems to rely for the authority of the organized Christianity of to-day on "the concord of Christians, ever since the adjudication of the fifth century." And he says that "an established church, priesthood or ministry, sacraments and the whole established machinery which trains the Christian—are the wings of the soul."

Still, he knows that many people do not find this machinery to fly very well, and that for many people it does not help them to fly. Many people believe that a church can exist without so much machinery—and that, if the Saviour of men had thought the machinery absolutely necessary, He would not have left it to the chances of development.

EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

II.

MR. GLADSTONE thus epitomizes the *motif* of "Robert Elsmere":

"It certainly offers us a substitute for revealed religion; and

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possibly the thought of the book might be indicated in these words: 'The Christianity accepted in England is a good thing; but come with me and I will show you a better.'"

To a thoughtful, devout woman the most significant page of the remarkable novel is that which describes the "white-letter days" in the Murewell Rectory, while husband and wife were still one in religious belief. It is a pure, passionate idyl of domestic loves and heavenly aspiration which we find in the story of the evenings when the wedded lovers arose, by solemn stages, from Dante and Milton to the study of the well-worn Greek Testament:

"Which he would make her read . . . . mostly that he might get from her some of that garnered wealth of spiritual experience which he adored in her. They would go from verse to verse, from thought to thought, till suddenly, perhaps, the tide of feeling would rise, and while the wind swept around the house, and the owls hooted in the elms, they would sit, hand in hand, lost in love and faith,—Christ near them,—Eternity, warm with GOD, enwrapping them."

This is not monastic mysticism. We are told that Elsmere enjoyed, meanwhile, "with all his heart," his work among the suffering poor, and his influence in a long-neglected parish that called forth every energy of a robust body and eager mind. At no other period of his life do we find more abundant evidence of physical, mental, and spiritual sanity than during the divine calm preceding a dawnless night of tempest.

Let the "white-letter day" stand as a type of the result wrought by the Christianity accepted in England and in all places where the Christ is worshiped as very GOD, and beloved as very Man.

What "better thing" is offered us in the almost four hundred pages that follow?

Mr. Gladstone, and abler masters in polemics than the Christian premier, have demonstrated the singular weakness of a work which, professing to weigh testimony, ignores the cumulative evidence representing the wisdom and research of centuries. Robert Elsmere's faith is founded upon emotion; his unfaith has root in reason. If any one thing is clearly proven in the story, it is this. The candid reader smiles at the authorly partisanship which overlooks the fact that the magnificent intellect of the Squire is as manifestly warped in this regard as the facile mind of the neophyte. Were it otherwise, the injunction to "read Christian documents in the light of a trained scientific criticism" would have a converse recommendation.

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The writer of this paper does not presume to deal with this and weightier sections of the subject in hand, but would confine herself to the consideration of the simple "thought of the book." The quest for the "better thing" becomes agony as we follow the victim—whom we cease to call the hero—through by-way and slough.

"Doubt," "agony," "remorse," "depression," "irritability," "sheer worry," "sleeplessness," "religious dread;" we catch the words in turning the leaves until the crisis of anguish is reached in recantation.

"All these years of happy spiritual certainty, of rejoicing oneness with Christ, to end in this wreck and loss! Was not this, indeed, '*il gran rifuto?*' the greatest which human daring is capable?"

Henceforward, until death ends the tragedy, he is out of his depth and swimming for his life. To his wife's adjuration, "Perhaps even you think it ends here— life, our love?" he replies, "his eyes hidden in his hands" (in unconscious symbolism), "I know nothing, I know nothing!

His labors among the New Brotherhood are more like the tossings of one burning with fever than the sustained purposeful work of a rational philanthropist. His fierce displeasure at the coarse blasphemies flaunting in the windows of the Free Thinkers' Club during Passion Week; "the two-fold aim—the rousing of moral sympathy and the awakening of the imaginative power"—"the first steps," which, we are told, "had nothing to do with religion" of his mission in the room where "he reads and expounds some passage from the life of Christ as a lecturer might expound a passage of Tacitus;" the fight with visions of the River of Death; of his early home, love and faith; his bitter cry,

"*My God! my God! No time, no future*

the wail that, as he sinks on his knees in the certainty of nearing death, "rings through him, deafening every other cry"—

"*Quittez—quittez—le long espoir les vastes pensées!*"

the weeks of depression and misery subsiding in blind submission to the will of Him "who cannot lead us to the end and disappoint the craving He Himself set in us,"—the slow death-scene, in which critical problems of the Greek Testament take their turn with Wordsworth and Tennyson—most frequently with Virgil,—the murmured mention, with his failing voice, of the dead man

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who had led him into "the new world which is the old" of Doubt and Unfaith,—"where—what is he *now?* Ah! if somewhere, somehow, one could,—" are we to accept *these* as the tokens, tests and triumphs of the Better Thing?

Do we not rather recognize in all the echo, in more piteous strain, of the Magdalen's lament—

"They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him!"

In the whole sad volume there are no more mournful, yet arrogant, lines than the declaration: "The ashes of Jesus of Nazareth mingled with the earth of Palestine."

Where did Robert Elsmere get his "historical Christ"?

Concerning the "Galilæan peasant who was born, and grew to manhood, and preached, and loved, and died," the "tremendous fact which cannot be scoffed away," the pagan oracles, whose testimony Wendover and his pupil admit without cavil, are dumb. If He be not the Immanuel, the GOD with-us of the New Testament, Who was dead, and is alive and liveth forevermore, the Christ is *not*, and never was. "The magic, the permanence, the expansiveness of the young Nazarene's central conception—the spiritualized, universalized Kingdom of GOD," is the fairest and most chimerical of the "beautiful fairy tales" which Langham, Gray, Elsmere, Wendover, and the "genuine British artisan" unite in refusing to believe.

"We must *re-conceive the Christ!*" Elsmere preaches to his motley audience, with italicized vehemence.

Outside of the Scriptures, which he sandwiches between the Idyls of the King and the Eneid, the centuries he invites his followers to explore return not a whisper of "the Christ of Galilee and the Christ of Jerusalem." The lecturer must create for himself "the tremendous fact."

"The Master" who "moves toward him in the guise of common manhood, laden like His fellows with the pathetic weight of human weakness and human ignorance," is less an historic entity than Prometheus, as truly a myth as Sintram, if the History of Testimony exclude that of the Gospels, and human reason assumes to winnow the probable from the impossible in the utterances recorded as His, and to make selection of the fittest from the incidents of His biography.

The Resurrection is no more a miracle than the Birth in

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Bethlehem. Tried by the line of Common Sense and proved by the plummet of Precedent, the sublime life of the unlettered peasant, His system of morals, His spiritual intuitions and His influence upon the world and the ages, are the wildest improbability of all, unless we include in the category the "Present Christ beside him," on the heath which was the wretched man's Gethsemane.

"Take it to your heart again,"—thus the "sacred presence," —"that life, that pain of mine! Use it to new ends, apprehend in it new ways."

To no dead mortal are given omniscience and omnipresence. "*Miracles do not happen.*"

Declining, then, to accept this Elsmere—poor, driven bit of stubble!—as exponent and monument of the Better Thing, we find them instead, in Wendover. Here the disciple is not greater than or equal to his lord. The Squire's sarcastic dictum, "Everything can be got out of in this world," has one exception,—the power, fatal or glorious, of opinion and belief to stamp themselves upon the life, and the sure correspondence of tree and fruit.

MARION HARLAND.

III.

"ROBERT ELSMERE" is the echo of an echo. In its central anti-supernaturalistic contentions, it is largely a rehash of the anonymous work, "Supernatural Religion," which some years ago made considerable noise in England. That work was substantially an echo of a now decadent continental school of rationalistic criticism, led chiefly by Strauss and Renan. Matthew Arnold's own positions in relation to historic Christianity were largely such an echo. It is or ought to be well known that, after full and prolonged hearing, they have produced small effect upon real experts in the field of discussion to which they refer. Mrs. Ward's book echoes on this subject her uncle's now really belated and outgrown opinions. Roger Wendover is a disciple of a school of anti-supernaturalism that has been discredited in the highest circles of scholarship in Germany for nearly a quarter of a century. He is the echo of an echo after the original voice has ceased to be authoritative.

Strauss himself abandoned the famous Mythical Hypothesis

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before he died. It was buried before its author, as every scholar knows. Professor Christlieb and Professor Luthardt, foremost among thoroughly evangelical experts of Germany in the department of the Christian evidences, assure the world that Strauss' theory no longer needs to be answered in the theological departments of the German universities. "It has been swept out at the back-doors of German intellectual workshops," said Professor Christlieb once to the present writer, "and it ill becomes Englishmen or Americans to feed on food that Germans have thrown out of doors as intellectual refuse."

In the chief anti-supernaturalistic positions of "Robert Elsmere" there is nothing new to theological scholars. The gospels themselves are proof that, in the age in which they originated, miracles were by no means attributed to every prominent religious teacher. "John did no miracle," is the cool record, "and yet all things that he spoke of Christ were true." No miracle is attributed to Christ himself, before his baptism.

The character of Christ is an historical and unassailable reality. It is itself the supreme miracle. His sinlessness forbids his possible classification with men. In connection with this supreme miracle other miracles are to be expected. On his death-bed, Professor de Wette, the Coryphæus of German rationalism in his time, made this concession, over which Neander, the church historian, shed tears when he read it: "Although a mystery which cannot be dissipated rests on the way and manner of the resurrection of Christ, the fact of the resurrection can no more be brought into doubt by honest historic evidence than can the assassination of Cæsar."

In Germany itself, the school of thought which Roger Wendover represents has met with most disastrous defeats in the highest places of learning. Although the opposite was the case fifty years ago, the young men in the German universities, who are all free to choose for themselves, are now patronizing evangelical in preference to rationalistic theological professors in the proportion of ten to one. "The unforced opinions of young men," Lord Bacon said, "are the best materials for prophecy."

There should have been introduced into "Robert Elsmere" some character like Professor Luthardt, or Professor Christlieb, to balance the Squire and Professor Gray. The defense of sound views is left to Catherine chiefly, and her intellectual equipment

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is insufficient for the exigency. Her character triumphs, however, and cannot but command reverence, although she is by no means such an antagonist as a Mrs. Browning or a Mrs. Stowe would have been. One of her central positions has often been taken in the course of centuries of debate as to the Christian evidences, and has never been successfully controverted: *Either Jesus was what he claimed to be, or he was not a good man, nor even sane.*

That Christ was either an impostor or self-deceived, or else that he bore intelligent and trustworthy testimony concerning himself, is not often seriously denied. But to assume, as Robert Elsmere does, that miracles do not occur, and to admit that Christ, therefore, was self-deceived, or an impostor, and yet to establish something like a worship of him, is a self-contradiction that has never shown itself capable of producing important movements in church history. The self-contradiction is too glaring to be kept hidden long from the eyes of its votaries. The attempt to eliminate the supernatural from Christianity and yet retain its spiritual power is like an effort to cut down a tree and yet retain its fruit season after season and its daily grateful shade.

Prof. T. H. Green, of Oxford, whose character and philosophy are supposed to be represented by Tutor Gray in "Robert Elsmere," endeavors in a lay sermon on *Faith* to show how disbelievers in historic Christianity may yet retain its spiritual passion for holiness. His positions contain nothing novel to theological scholars. But he is more logical than Elsmere, for he sees that the work of such disbelievers must be more or less crippled by their negations and doubts. "It will be," he says, "rather on the fringe of the Church that such work will lie. *For some of the deeper charities of the Christian Society, such as ministering to the spiritual wants of the sick, speculative differences may for the present necessarily disqualify us.*" (Works of T. H. Green, Vol. III., p. 278.) Professor Green himself would have expected only a dubious future for Robert Elsmere's new religious organization. When the Oxford teacher, whose work in philosophy and ethics is to be spoken of with far more reverence than his work in theology, lay dying, March 25th, 1882, his belief in God and immortality was clear, and one of his last requests was to have read to him the eighth chapter of the Epistle to the Romans.

Robert Elsmere makes no adequate provision for the con-

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tinuance of the eccentric ethical society which he founds. Many such organizations have been tried at various periods of church history and have failed. The author of "Robert Elsmere" should have described the history of Elsmere's new brotherhood through three or four generations. New religions are to be judged not so much by the men who make them, as by the men they make.

On the whole, therefore, brilliant and noble as much that "Robert Elsmere" contains must be admitted to be, the book cannot be defended as a really fair or strong argument, nor even as a new one, against scholarly evangelical views. The probability is, therefore, that while it may produce a considerable temporary effect in misleading half-equipped minds, its influence will not be permanent in circles at once alert, candid and well-informed, and spiritually devout, practical and aggressive.

Not to quote Luthardt, Dorner, Christlieb, or other German writers on the Christian evidences, it may be worth while to mention a single American authority quite abreast of the freshest discussions. The well-known works of Prof. G. P. Fisher, of Yale College, on "The Supernatural Origin of Christianity," and on "Grounds of Theistic and Christian Belief," contain, with thier references, a sufficient reply to the whole list of recent anti-supernaturalistic critics, and should be read by any one whose convictions are disturbed by Mrs. Ward's novel.

Robert Elsmere's best and noblest work was done in Surrey, when he and his wife labored hand-in-hand for the poor, and when he had not yet fallen under the influence of the Squire. No one in his senses can seriously wish to live the life and die the death of Roger Wendover.

Some one should write a work of fiction entitled "Robert Elsmere's Successor," showing the history of Elsmere's new brotherhood for several generations, and the general result of what Mr. Gladstone so justly calls an attempt to fly without wings.

JOSEPH COOK.

IV.

THE educative power of fiction is shown in nothing more than in the great interest which a novel of high class arouses in the community. In the light of its imaginative presentation, not only the æsthetic proprieties of life, but also its deep moral prob-

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lems, are brought freshly into the mind of the community, and the greatest are not too great to sit in judgment over the lesson which the book is held to teach. Surely, it is an instructive spectacle to see Mr. Gladstone, the foremost man in the political movement of the time, taking, from his arduous duties and absorbing pursuits, the hours required for a careful perusal of "Robert Elsmere," and an equally careful consideration of its merits and demerits. A novel, and a woman's novel at that, has called the great statesman and scholar from his manifold work to deliver to the world his opinion of the outcome of the book. This is a fact significant in itself. It is true, indeed, that a novel of equal value treating of another class of subjects would not have been likely to interrupt so seriously Mr. Gladstone's labors and studies. This one deals with religious opinions in whose advocacy the great Premier is deeply interested, and disposes of them in a sense adverse to his own. Right or wrong, he considers religious doctrine a matter of sufficient importance to take precedence of the cares of state, of the delights of scholarship. In this concern, we shall surely justify him, even if our own conclusions differ widely from those which he has been at some pains to make public.

Mr. Gladstone is by no means alone in his recognition of the importance of a work like "Robert Elsmere." Sermons have been preached about it in various places. Religionists of various opinions have spoken for and against it. I know of no story, since "Uncle Tom's Cabin," whose appearance had excited so much comment, intellectual interest of so high a character. Mrs. Ward has drawn for us the portrait of two white souls, white not only from native purity, but from the white heart fervor of religious conscience. The terrible "categorical imperative" does not lead these two worthies into the same paths of thought. It prompts one of them to depart widely from received traditions and precepts, and impels the other to cling to them with an ever increasing tenacity. To the one, intellectual question becomes the first of duties, to the other it remains the most fatal of errors, but to each the inward monitor says: "Do what you must think your best, and abide the consequences." And each, in obedience to this command, sacrifices to the approval of conscience the joys and comforts which, after it, are dearest to each. The state of moral tension in which Robert Elsmere and his wife live and move, will seem almost inconceivable to those of the present day

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who are unacquainted with the religious discipline of the olden time. To this belonged strained and exaggerated views of the moral turpitude and impotence of human nature, and such a theory of the criminality of man's natural life as made the damnation of infants a proper prelude to that of the greater part of the human race. Insensibly, these views, though still held to by some religious bodies, have lost their hold upon the minds of men. But, while many of us have rejoiced even in the partial deliverance of Christendom from these undivine conceptions of God, these inhuman notions of man, Mr. Gladstone's criticism of Robert Elsmere seems to ignore this deliverance, and to insist upon the maintenance of the doctrines of divine wrath and miraculous redemption as conditions of true religious belief.

It is hardly to be expected that those who undertake, in this symposium, to say their word about Robert Elsmere, will consider themselves bound to enter here a personal confession of faith, or to supply a formula which shall be sufficient to settle the religious differences of the world at the present time. To some, no doubt, his religious change of base will appear uncalled for, and even profane. To others, it will seem justifiable, and his conduct in connection with it praiseworthy. The novel suggests much which may have been new to its author, but which has long been familiar to the religious world in both hemispheres. The controversy between the miraculous and the ethical bases of religious belief resulted, many years ago, in the formation of the Unitarian denomination, whose influence has made itself strongly felt in Christendom. Priestly and Channing were its early apostles. Theodore Parker, in his day, gave great extension to its practical application. Emerson came out of it, and a host of men, remarkable in literature and philosophy, together with a ministry which has shown itself Catholic, sincere, and effective. Those who may feel moved by the present discussion to inquire more closely into its work and character will find these set forth in volumes and periodicals which have now attained a considerable circulation. For the explanation and elucidation of Elsmere's difficulties, such readers, then, may be referred to the Unitarian body of doctrine. It is Mrs. Ward's handling of these difficulties, her portrayal of a mind in which they become first the occasion of despairing doubt, then that of an almost bleeding sacrifice, leading to redoubled effort and renewed comfort—this it is which

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appeals to the critical sense of the community, and asks a verdict, in her favor or against her.

For a novel, Mrs. Ward's picture of Robert Elsmere's sufferings is too long drawn out. Not a shiver, not a cold or hot fit of his, does she spare us. It is true that he takes our sympathy along with him in all that he undergoes, but the demand upon this is too prolonged, and the strain too painful. Mrs. Ward's graphic power, which is considerable, is weighted and weakened with too much detail. She seems to have but little confidence in the imagination or memory of her readers, and reminds us of Rose's red gold hair and Catharine's beautiful mouth until we tire of hearing of them. Her conversations, too, want point, and, though she enumerates to us the books which change Robert Elsmere from a simple believer into a rationalist, her writing throws little light upon the process of thought by which the change is wrought. Here is a genuine, pious Anglican pastor—here is a skeptical neighbor with a library full of controversial writings. Presto, change—the pastor is no longer a simple Anglican. The Squire and the library have entered into him, and he is now another than the man he was. The author is here a little open to the charge of light-footedness. She does skip easily over the transformation which she makes awful to the affections, but light to the understanding.

Catherine, in her anguish and distress, asks one pertinent question: "Was it right for a clergyman to discuss sacred things with such a man?" the Squire being understood.

Now, the *animus* in which investigations are followed plays a very important part in their results. An analytical study of the Scriptures, aided by the light which learned Orientalists have been able to throw upon their character and origin must, of necessity, effect a change in the views of one hitherto familiar only with the older exegesis. But the results of such a study may be arrived at in a religious or in an irreligious spirit. The Squire in the story seems to have pursued his researches with great intellectual honesty, but with no touch of religious affection. Hence, his influence was one which Elsmere should not have invited. On the other hand, the conclusions to which the latter is led, were the natural outcome of his studies, and the catastrophe to which they led was not to be averted.

Catherine Elsmere's question reminds me of a fragment of

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conversation, reported to me years ago, in which a German skeptic said to a devout person of his own nation:

"My dear sir, I can bring here a friend of mine who in less than half an hour will be able to convince you of the futility of all notions of a life after death."

"My dear sir," replied the other, "I am obliged for your offer, but I had much rather not see your friend."

Mr. Gladstone, with practiced hand, makes a very complete showing of the side of religious opinion which he has adopted, the domain in which belief founds itself upon miracle, and supports itself by appealing to the authority by which the miracle is asserted. It does not seem to me that to deduce from the miracle the obligation to worship the miracle-worker is to insist upon a *non-sequitur*. Deeds that transcend the working of natural laws might be achieved by an evil demon as well as by a good one. It is the ethic in Christ which makes us regard His power as a holy and beneficent one, and this ethic, this moral miracle of the divinely touched soul, is so glorious, so transcendent, that those who can truly receive it will consider the historic or legendary miracles of the New Testament as of very minor importance. Religion does not properly consist either in accepting the evidence of miracle or in rejecting it, but in adopting and following the spirit which made the miracles divine, if they were wrought, but which made the beautiful life, with or without miracle, the greatest of blessings to mankind.

Mr. Gladstone does not appear to have much understanding of the comparative value of different religious ideas. We might somewhat illustrate this by the figure of a series of shelves upon which might be bestowed the various items which compose the religious heritage of mankind. Among these Fetichism, Polytheism, Monotheism correspond to Fear, Favor, and Aspiration. Mr. Gladstone will hardly deny that this is a rising series, and that, while all of those degrees have their period and conditions of use, it would be irreligious to detain upon the lower level those whose minds are capable of attaining the higher one.

When he has built up before us his church of miracle, evidence, and authority, we see a church infinitely transcending this one in beauty and in charity. The inner interpretation of Christ's words and of His character lights it up from within with a heaven-descended flame. Once and forever were these golden words

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said, this divine example given and glorified. We can all say that we believe, for we do believe in this intrinsic divineness. Heaven and earth shall pass away, but His word shall not pass away—the word of deep and everlasting truth.

It is quite true, as Mr. Gladstone says, or implies, that matters so momentous as those of which we now speak, can not be settled by the stroke of a pen, or the dash of a character fancy. The way out of the labyrinth of doubt is not easy; but I, for one, am sure that it should not lead us back into the chaos and confusion of semi-civilized modes of thought. If we recognize a great Providential order in the material development and progress of the world, we must recognize it also in the intellectual progress, from which, whether we will or no, Society as a whole can not go back. Religion, as interpreted and followed by the best minds of to-day, is an energizing and uplifting agent, whose ministrations are essential to the peace, dignity, and welfare alike of individuals and of states. Its source, like the source of our own life, is hidden and mysterious. Its laws and conditions, like those which rule our physical existence, are partly supported by natural instinct, but much more ascertained and established by the immense labors of human study and experience. We pity those whose bodily health is committed to the care of physicians who abide by the medical formulas of even fifty years ago, and who either can not or will not inform themselves of the great changes which modern science has wrought in the theory and treatment of disease. Not less should we pity those whose spiritual health is cared for by men to whom the intellectual advance of the ages counts for little or nothing, men who render nugatory the wisdom of the past by a trivial and literal interpretation of its great tentative and symbolical lessons.

It was grievous for Robert Elsmere to go out from the sweet charities of his parish church. How hard to leave those few sheep in the wilderness whom he had lifted out of the mire of degradation and set in the way of a clean and Christian life! How unnecessary, in the nature of things, that he should sacrifice this near and positive duty to a new set of opinions and theories! Yes, but it was not his fault that he did so. The church in which he labored allowed him to serve only on condition that he should hold to the old theories and opinions, some of which are clearly seen to-day to have been superseded by better ones. As

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Christ was forced to go outside the Jewish church, in order to bring a true spiritual interpretation to the Judaic laws and prophecies, so is many a mind obliged to break from cherished traditions and belongings in order to take its stand upon what it can honestly believe in the light of what is known. The further progress of our story is instructive. Robert Elsmere, fresh from the trammels of a creed to which he can no longer conform, finds nothing better to do than to set forward, under other conditions, his ministry of religion to the poor and ignorant. His method of doing this may or may not be better than those from which he has departed, but they are such as his best thought and conscience approve, and so his service to God and man is a living, not a dead and formal one, and would naturally have for the serving and the served the value of the costly sacrifice involved in it.

Some excellent people, no doubt, to whom these points of contradiction are very sensible, are yet so held by the sympathy of numbers, by the ties of usage and affection, and by what we may call a sense of religious necessity, that they adhere to their first confession of faith, while all of its articles are changed in their private interpretation of it.

We must remember, too, that, while exegetical study takes such men as Elsmere out of the Church of England, it carries such men as Newman and Manning into the Church of Rome. What shall we say, then? This, simply, that the doors of Christ's temple should be left so widely open that those who enter it should be able to pass from one part of it to another, and finally abide where doctrine and worship best accord with their individual convictions.

Let our last word, then, be love and honor to the church universal, with its many altars and manifold worshipers. Honor to its ministers, even where their lessons do not avail alike for all of us. On our way to our own place of worship, we can thank God for all who are going elsewhere to seek Him in the sincerity of the truth as it has been delivered to them. But while we do this, let us thank Him most for the prophetic spirits which have led the moral advance of the race, for the noble army of martyrs who have broken a way for mankind through the stony walls of superstition and prejudice. Their bitter task has been accomplished in the light of a wide-embracing charity, in the faith that the spiritual things of God deserve, not only the

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passive acquiescence of belief, but the energetic assent of reason. In this light in which they have walked and worked, let us not fear to follow them.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

V.*

HUMAN nature, when aggrieved, is apt and quick in devising compensations. The increasing seriousness and strain of our present life may have had the effect of bringing about the large preference, which I understand to be exhibited in local public libraries, for works of fiction. This is the first expedient of revenge. But it is only a link in a chain. The next step is, that the writers of what might be grave books, *in esse* or *in posse*, have endeavored with some success to circumvent the multitude. Those who have systems or hypotheses to recomend in philosophy, conduct or religion induct them into the costume of romance. Such was the second expedient of nature, the counterstroke of her revenge. When this was done n "Télémaque," "Rasselas," or "Cœlebs," it was not without literary effect. Even the last of these three appears to have been successful with its own generation. It would now be deemed intolerably dull. But a dull book is easily renounced. The more didactic fictions of the present day, so far as I know them, are not dull. We take them up, however, and we find that, when we meant to go to play we have gone to school. The romance is a gospel of some philosophy, or of some religion; and requires sustained thought on many or some of the deepest subjects as the only rational alternative to placing ourselves at the mercy of our author. We find that he has put upon us what is not indeed a treatise, but more formidable than if it were. For a treatise must nowhere beg the question it seeks to decide, but must carry its reader onward by reasoning patiently from step to step. But the writer of the romance, under the convenient necessity which his form imposes, skips in thought, over undefined distances, from stage to stage, as a bee from flower to flower. A creed may (as here) be accepted in a sentence, and then abandoned in a page. But we, the common herd of readers, if we are to deal with the consequences, to accept or repel the influence of the book, must, as in a problem of mathematics, supply the missing steps. Thus, in perusing as we ought a propogandist romance, we must terribly increase the pace; and it is the pace that kills.

Among the works to which the preceding remarks might apply, the most remarkable within my knowledge is "Robert Elsmere." It is indeed remarkable in many respects. It is a novel of nearly twice the length, and much more than twice the matter, of ordinary novels. It dispenses almost entirely, in the construction of what must still be called its plot, with the aid of incident in the ordinary sense. We have indeed near the close a solitary individual crushed by a wagon, but this catastrophe has no relation to the plot, and its only purpose is to exhibit a good death bed in illustration of the great missionary idea of the piece. The *nexus* of the structure is to be found wholly in the workings of character. The assumption and the surrender of a rectory are the most salient events, and they are simple results of what the actor has thought right. And yet the great, nay, paramount function of character-drawing, the projection upon the canvas of human beings endowed with the true forces of nature and vitality, does not appear to be by any means the master-gift of the authoress. In the mass of matter which she has prodigally expended there might obviously be retrenchment; for there are certain laws of dimension which apply to a novel, and which separate it from an epic. In the

* As several of the contributors to this symposium have referred to Mr. Gladstone's masterly review of "Robert Elsmere," recently published in England, I have been tempted to complete this collection of views by the addition to it of Mr. Gladstone's essay.—EDITOR.

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extraordinary number of personages brought upon the stage in one portion or other of the book, there are some which are elaborated with greater pains and more detail than their relative importance seems to warrant. "Robert Elsmere" is hard reading, and requires toil and effort. Yet, if it be difficult to persist, it is impossible to stop. The prisoner on the treadmill must work severely to perform his task; but if he tops he at once receives a blow which brings him to his senses. Here, as there, it is human infirmity which shrinks; but here, as not there, the propelling motive is within. Deliberate judgment and deep interest alike rebuke a fainting reader. The strength of the book, overbearing every obstacle, seems to lie in an extraordinary wealth of diction, never separated from thought; in a close and searching faculty of social observation; in generous appreciation of what is morally good, impartially* exhibited in all directions: above all, in the sense of mission with which the writer is evidently possessed, and in the earnestness and persistency of purpose with which through every page and line it is pursued. The book is eminently an offspring of the time, and will probably make a deep or at least a very sensible impression; not, however, among mere novel readers, but among those who share, in whatever sense, the deeper thought of the period.

The action begins in a Westmoreland valley, where the three young daughters of a pious clergyman are grouped around a mother infirm in health and without force of mind. All responsibility devolves accordingly upon Catherine, the eldest of the three; a noble character, living only for duty and affection. When the ear heard her, then it blessed her; and when the eye saw her, it gave witness to her. Here comes upon the scene Robert Elsmere, the eponymist and hero of the book, and the ideal, almost the idol, of the authoress.

He had been brought up at Oxford, in years when the wholesale discomfiture of the great religious movement in the University, which followed upon the secession of Cardinal Newman, had been in its turn succeeded by a new religious reaction. The youth had been open to the personal influences of a tutor, who is in the highest degree beautiful, classical, and indifferentist; and of a noble-minded rationalizing teacher, whose name, Mr. Grey, is the thin guise of another name, and whose lofty character, together with his gifts and with the tendencies of the time, had made him a power in Oxford. But, in its action on a nature of devout susceptibilities as well as active talents, the place is stronger than the man, and Robert casts in his lot with the ministry of the church. Let us stop at this point to notice the terms used. At St. Mary's "the sight and the experience touched hisinmost feeling, and satisfied all the poetical and dramatic instincts of a passionate nature." He "carried his religious passion . . . into the service of the great positive tradition around him." This great and commonly life, governing decision is taken under the influence of forces wholly emotional. It is first after the step taken that we have an inkling of any reason for it. This is not an isolated phenomenon. It is a key to the entire action. The work may be summed up in this way: It represents a battle between intellect and emotion. Of right, intellect wins; and, having won, enlists emotion in its service.

Elsmere breaks upon us in Westmoreland, prepared to make the great commission the business of his life, and to spend and be spent in it to the uttermost. He is at once attracted by Catherine; attention forthwith ripens into love; and love finds expression in a proposal. But, with a less educated intelligence, the girl has a purpose of life not less determined than the youth. She believes herself to have an outdoor vocation in the glen, and above all an indoor vocation in her family, of which she is the single prop. A long battle of love ensues, fought out with noi less ability, and with even greater tenacity, than the remarkable conflict of intellects, carried on by correspondence, which ended in the marriage between Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. The resolute tension of the two minds has many phases; and a double crisis, first of refusal, secondly of acceptance. This part of the narrative wrought

* Mrs. Ward has given evidence of this impartiality in her Dedication to the memory of two friends, of whom one, Mrs. Alfred Lyttleton, lived and died unshaken in belief. The other is more or less made known in the pages of the work.

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out in detail with singular skill, will probably be deemed the most successful, the most normal, of the whole. It is thoroughly noble on both sides. The final surrender of Catherine is in truth an opening of the eyes to a wider view of the evolution of the individual, and of the great vocation of life; and it involves no disparagement. The garrison evacuates the citadel, but its arms have not been laid down, and its colors are flying still.

So the pair settle themselves in a family living, full of the enthusiasm of humanity, which is developed with high energy in every practical detail, and based upon the following of the Incarnate Saviour. Equipped thus far with all that renders life desirable, their union is blessed by the birth of a daughter, and everything thrives around them for the formation of an ideal parish.

But the parish is adorned by a noble old English mansion, and the mansion inhabited by a wealthy Squire, who knows little of duty, but is devoted to incessant study. As an impersonated intellect, he is abreast of all modern inquiry, and, a "Tractarian" in his youth, he has long abandoned all belief. At the outset, he resents profoundly the Rector's obtrusive concern for his neglected tenantry. But the courage of the clergyman is not to be damped by isolation, and in the case of a scandalously insanitary hamlet, after an adequate number of deaths, Mr. Wendover puts aside the screen called his agent, and rebuilds with an ample generosity. This sudden and complete surrender seems to be introduced to glorify the hero of the work, for it does not indicate any permanent change in the social ideas of Mr. Wendover, but only in his relations to his clergyman.

There is, however, made ready for him a superlative revenge. Robert has enjoyed the use of his rich library, and the two hold literary communications, but with a compact of silence on matters of belief. This treaty is honorably observed by the Squire. But the clergyman invites his fate. Mr. Wendover makes known to him a great design for a "History of Testimony," worked out through many centuries. The book speaks indeed of "the long wrestle" of the two men, and the like. But of Elsmere's wrestling there is no other trace or sign. What weapons the Rector wielded for his faith, what strokes he struck, has not even in a single line been recorded. The discourse of the Squire points out that theologians are men who decline to examine evidence, that miracles are the invention of credulous ages, that the preconceptions sufficiently explain the results. He wins in a canter. There cannot surely be a more curious contrast than that between the real battle, fought in a hundred rounds, between Elsmere and Catherine on marriage, and the fictitious battle between Elsmere and the Squire on the subject of religion, where the one side is a pæan, and the other a blank. A great creed, with the testimony of eighteen centuries at its back, cannot find an articulate word to say in its defense, and the downfall of the scheme of belief shatters also, and of right, the highly-ordered scheme of life that had nestled in the Rectory of Murewell, as it still does in thousands of other English parsonages.

It is notable that Elsmere seeks, in this conflict with the Squire, no aid or counsel whatever. He encounters indeed by chance Mr. Newcome, a Ritualistic clergyman whom the generous sympathies of the authoress place upon the roll of his friends. But the language of Mr. Newcome offers no help to this understanding. It is this:

> "*Trample on yourself. Pray down the demon, fast, scourge, kill the body that the soul* may live. What are we miserable worms, that we should defy the Most High, that we should set our wretched faculties against His Omnipotence?"

Mr. Newcome appears everywhere as not only a respectable but a remarkable character. But as to what he says here, how much does it amount to? Considered as a medicine for a mind diseased, for an unsettled, dislocated soul, is it less or more than pure nonsense? In the work of an insidious non-believer, it would be set down as a part of his fraud. Mrs. Ward evidently gives it in absolute good faith. It is one in a series of indications by which this gifted authoress conveys to us what appears to be her thoroughly genuine belief that historical Christianity has, indeed, broad grounds and deep roots in emotion, but in reason none whatever.

The revelation to the wife is terrible; but Catherine clings to her religion on a

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basis essentially akin to that of Newcome; and the faith of these eighteen centuries, and the prime countries of the world,

"Bella, immortal, benefica
Fede, ai trionfi avvezza,"

is dismissed without a hearing.

For my own part, I humbly retort on Robert Elsmere. Considered intellectually, his proceedings in regard to belief appear to me, from the beginning as well as in the downward process, to present dismal gaps. But the emotional part of his character is complete, nay redundant. There is no moral weakness or hesitation. There rises up before him the noble maxim, assigned to the so-called Mr. Grey (with whom he has a consultation of foregone conclusions), "Conviction is the conscience of the mind."

He renounces his parish and his orders. He still believes in God, and accepts the historical Christ as a wonderful man, good among the good, but the *primus inter pares*. Passing through a variety of stages, he devotes himself to the religion of humanity; reconciles to the new gospels, by shoals, skilled artisans of London who had been totally inaccessible to the old one; and nobly kills himself with overwork, passing away in a final flood of light. He founds and leaves behind him the "New Christian Brotherhood" of Elgood Street; and we are at the close apprised, with enthusiastic sincerity, that this is the true effort of the race, and

"Others I doubt not, if not we,
The issue of our toils shall see."

Who can grudge to this absolutely pure-minded and very distinguished writer the comfort of having at last found the true specific for the evils and miseries of the world? None surely who bear in mind that the Salvation Army has been known to proclaim itself the Church of the future, or who happen to know that Bunsen, when in 1841 he had procured the foundation of the bishopric of Jerusalem, suggested in private correspondence his hope that this might be the Church which would meet the glorified Redeemer at His coming.

It is necessary here to revert to the Squire. Himself the μοῖρα πέπρωμενη, the supreme arbiter of destinies in the book, he is somewhat unkindly treated; his mind at length gives way, and a darkling veil is drawn over the close. Here seems to be a little literary intolerance, something even savoring of a religious test. Robert Elsmere stopped in the downward slide at theism, and it calms and glorifies his deathbed. But the Squire had not stopped there. He had said to Elsmere, "You are playing into the hands of the Blacks. All this theistic philosophy of yours only means so much grist to their mill in the end." But their great guide is dismissed from his guiding office as summarily as all other processes are conducted, which are required by the purpose of the writer. Art everywhere gives way to purpose. Elsmere no more shows cause for his theism than he had shown it against Christianity. Why was not Mr. Wendover allowed at least the consolations which give satisfaction to David Hume?

Not yet, however, may I wholly part from this sketch of the work. It is so large that much must be omitted. But there is one limb of the plan which is peculiar. Of the two sisters not yet named, one, Agnes by name, appears only as quasi-chaperon, or as "dummie." But Rose, the third, has beauty, the gift of a musical artist, and quick and plastic social faculties. Long and elaborate love relations are developed between her and the *poco-curante* tutor and friend, Mr. Langham. Twice she is fairly embarked in passion for him, and twice he jilts her. Still she is not discouraged, and she finally marries a certain Flaxman, an amiable, but somewhat manufactured character. From the standing point of art, can this portion of the book fail to stir much misgiving? We know from Shakespeare how the loves of two sisters can be comprised within a single play. But while the drama requires only one connected action, the novel, and eminently this novel, aims rather at the exhibition of a life; and the reader of these volumes may be apt to say that in working two such lives as those of Catherine and Rose through so many stages, the authoress has

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departed from previous example, and has loaded her ship, though a gallant one, with more cargo than it will bear.

It may indeed be that Mrs. Ward has been led to charge her tale with such a weight of matter from a desire to give philosophical completeness to her representation of the mainsprings of action which mark the life of the period. For in Robert Elsmere we have the tempered but aggressive action of the sceptical intellect; in Catharine the strong reaction against it; in Rose the art-life; and in Langham the literary and cultivated indifference of the time. The comprehensiveness of such a picture may be admitted, without withdrawing the objection that, as a practical result, the cargo is too heavy for the vessel.

Apart from this question, is it possible to pass without a protest the double jilt? Was Rose, with her quick and self-centred life, a well-chosen *corpus vile* upon whom to pass this experiment? More broadly, though credible perhaps for a man, is such a process in any case possible by the laws of art for a woman? Does she not violate the first conditions of her nature in exposing herself to so piercing an insult? An enhancement of delicate self-respect is one among the compensations which Providence has supplied in woman to make up for a deficiency in some ruder kinds of strength.

Again, I appeal to the laws of art against the final disposal of Catherine. Having much less of ability than her husband, she is really drawn with greater force and truth; and possesses so firm a fibre that when, having been bred in a school of some intolerance, she begins to blunt the edge of her resistance, and to tolerate in divers ways, without adopting, the denuded system of her husband, we begin to feel that the key-note of her character is being tampered with. After his death, the discords become egregious. She remains, as she supposes orthodox, and tenaciously Evangelical. But every knee must be made to bow to Elsmere. So she does not return to the northern valley and her mother's declining age, but in London devotes her week-days to carrying on the institutions of charity he had founded on behalf of his new religion. He had himself indignantly remonstrated with some supposed clergyman, who, in the guise of a Broad Churchman, at once held Elsmere's creed and discharged externally the office of an Anglican priest. He therefore certainly is not responsible for having taught her to believe the chasm between them was a narrow one. Yes she leaps or steps across it every Sunday, attending her church in the forenoon, and looming as regularly every afternoon in the temple of the New Brotherhood. Here surely the claims of system have marred the work of art. Characters might have been devised whom this see-saw would have suited well enough; but for the Catherine of the first volume it is an unmitigated solecism; a dismal, if not even a degrading compromise.

It has been observed that the women of the book are generally drawn with more felicity than the men. As a work of art, Rose is in my view the most successful of the women, and among the men the Squire. With the Squire Mrs. Ward is not in sympathy, for he destroys too much, and he does nothing but destroy. She cannot be in sympathy with Rose; for Rose, who is selfishly and heartlessly used, is herself selfish and heartless; with this aggravation, that she has grown up in immediate contact with a noble elder sister, and yet has not caught a particle of nobleness, as well as in view of an infirm mother to whom she scarcely gives a care. On the other hand, in her Robert, who has all Mrs. Ward's affection and almost her worship, and who is clothed with a perfect panoply of high qualities, she appears to be less successful and more artificial. In the recently published correspondence of Sir Henry Taylor, who was by no means given to paradox, we are told that great earnestness of purpose and strong adhesive sympathies in an author are adverse to the freedom and independence of treatment, the disembarrassed movement of the creative hand, which are required in the supreme poetic office of projecting character on the canvas. If there be truth in this novel and interesting suggestion, we cannot wonder at finding the result exhibited in "Robert Elsmere," for never was a book written with greater persistency and intensity of purpose. Every page of its principal narrative is adapted and addressed by Mrs. Ward to the final aim which is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh. This aim is to expel the supernatural element from Christianity, to destroy

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its dogmatic structure, yet to keep intact the moral and spiritual results. The Brotherhood presented to us with such sanguine hopefulness is a "Christian" brotherhood, but with a Christianity emptied of that which Christians believe to be the soul and springhead of its life. For Christianity, in the established Christian sense, is the presentation to us not of abstract dogmas for acceptance, but of a living and a Divine Person, to whom they are to be united by a vital incorporation. It is the reunion to God of a nature severed from God by sin, and the process is one, not of teaching lessons, but of imparting a new life, with its ordained equipment of gifts and powers.

It is, I apprehend, a complete mistake to suppose, as appears to be the supposition of this remarkable book, that all which has to be done with Scripture, in order to effect the desired transformation of religion, is to eliminate from it the miraculous element. Tremendous as is the sweeping process with extrudes the Resurrection, there is much else, which is in no sense miraculous, to extrude along with it. The Procession of Palms, for example, is indeed profoundly significant, but it is in no way miraculous. Yet, in any consistent history of a Robert Elsmere's Christ, there could be no Procession of Palms. Unless it be the healing of the ear of Malchus, there is not a miraculous event between the commencement of the Passion and the Crucifixion itself. Yet the notes of a superhuman majesty overspread the whole. We talk of all religions as essentially one; but what religion presents to its votaries such a tale as this? Bishop Temple, in his sermons at Rugby, has been among the later teachers who have shown how the whole behavior of our Lord, in this extremity of His abasement, seems more than ever to transcend all human limits, and to exhibit without arguing His Divinity. The parables, again, are not less refractory than the miracles, and must disappear along with them; for what parables are there which are not built upon the idea of his unique and transcendent office? The Gospel of St. John has much less of miracle than the Synoptics; but it must, of course, descend from its pedestal, in all that is most its own. And what is gained by all this condemnation, until we get rid of the Baptismal formula? It is a question not of excision from the gospels, but of tearing them into shreds. Far be it from me to deny that the parts which remain, or which remain legible, are vital parts; but this is no more than to say that there may remain vital organs of a man after the man himself has been cut in pieces.

I have neither space nor capacity at command for the adequate discussion of the questions which shattered the faith of Robert Elsmere: whether miracles can happen, and whether "an universal preconception" in their favor at the birth of Christianity "governing the work of all men of all schools," adequately accounts for the place which has been given to them in the New Testament, as available proofs of the Divine Mission of our Lord. But I demur on all the points to the authority of the Squire, and even of Mr. Grey.

The impossibility of miracle is a doctrine which appears to claim for its basis the results of physical inquiry. They point to unbroken sequences in material nature, and refer every phenomenon to its immediate antecedent as adequate to its orderly production. But the appeal to this great achievement of our time is itself disorderly, for it calls upon natural science to decide a question which lies beyond its precinct. There is an extraneous force of will which acts upon matter in derogation of laws purely physical, or alters the balance of those laws among themselves. It can be neither philosophical nor scientific to proclaim the impossibility of miracle, until philosophy or science shall have determined a limit, be yond which this extraneous force of will, so familiar to our experience, cannot act upon ordeflect the natural order.

Next, as to that avidity for miracle, which is supposed by the omniscient Squire to account for the invention of it. Let it be granted, for argument's sake, that if the Gospel had been intended only for the Jews, they at least were open to the imputation of a biassing and binding appetite for signs and wonders. But scarcely had the Christian scheme been established among the Jews, when it began to take root among the Gentiles. It will hardly be contended that these Gentiles, who detested and despised the Jewish race, had any predisposition to receive a religion at their hands or upon their authority. Were they, then, during the century which suc-

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ceeded our Lord's birth, so swayed by a devouring thirst for the supernatural as to account for the early reception, and the steady if not rapid growth, of the Christian creed among them? The statement of the Squire, which carries Robert Elsmere, is that the preconception in favor of miracles at the period "governed the work of all men of all schools."* A most gross and palpable exaggeration. In philosophy the Epicurean school was atheistic; the Stoic school ambiguously theistic, and doubt nestled in the Academy. Christianity had little direct contact with these schools, but they acted on the tone of thought, in a manner not favorable but adverse to the preconception.

Meantime the power of religion was in decay. The springs of it in the general mind and heart were weakened. A deluge of profligacy has gone far to destroy, at Rome, even the external habit of public worship; and Horace, himself an indifferentest,† denounces the neglect and squalor of the temples; while further on we have the stern and emphatic testimony of Juvenal:

> "Esse aliquid Manes, et subterranea regna,
> Et contum, et Stygio ranas in gurgite nigras,
> Nec pueri credunt, nisi qui nondum æra lavantur."‡

The age was not an age of faith, among thinking and ruling classes, either in natural or in supernatural religion. There had been indeed a wonderful "evangelical preparation" in the sway of the Greek language, in the unifying power of the Roman State and Empire, and in the utter moral failure of the grand and dominant civilization; but not in any virgin soil, yearning for the sun, the rain, or the seed of truth.

But the Squire, treading in the footprints of Gibbon's fifteenth chapter, leaves it to be understood that, in the appeal to the supernatural, the new religion enjoyed an exclusive as well as an overpowering advantage; that it had a patent for miracle, which none could infringe. Surely this is an error even more gross than the statement already cited about all men of all schools. The supernatural was interwoven with the entire fabric of the religion of the Roman State, which if weak and effete as a religious discipline, was of extraordinary power as a social institution. It stood, if not on faith yet on nationality, on tradition, on rich endowments, on the deeply interested attachment of a powerful aristocracy, and on that policy of wide concilliation, which give to so many creeds, less exclusive than the Christian, a cause common with its own.

Looking for a comprehensive description of miracles, we might say that they constitute a language of heaven embodied in material signs, by which communication is established between the Deity and man, outside the daily course of nature and experience. Distinctions may be taken between one kind of miracle and another. But none of these are distinctions in principle. Sometimes they are alleged to be the offspring of a divine power committed to the hands of particular men; sometimes they are simple manifestations unconnected with human agency, and carrying with them their own meaning, such as the healings in Bethesda; sometimes they are a system of events and of phenomena subject to the authoratative and privileged interpretation. Miracle, portent, prodigy and sign are all various forms of one and the same thing, namely, an invasion of the known and common natural order from the side of the supernatural. In the last-named case, there is an expression of the authorized human judgment upon it, while in the earlier ones there is only a special appeal to it. They rest upon one and the same basis. We may assign to miracle a body and a soul. It has for its body something accepted as being either in itself or in its incidents outside the known processes of ordinary nature, and for its soul the alleged message which in one shape or another it helps to convey from the Deity to man. This supernatural element, as such, was at least as familiar to the Roman heathenism as to the Christian scheme. It was indeed more highly organized. It was embodied in the regular and normal practice of the ministers of religion, and especially under the jurisdiction of the pontifical college, it was the regular and standing business of the augurs to observe, report and interpret the supernatural signs, by which the gods gave reputed instructions to men outside the course of nature. Sometimes it

* 317. † Hor. "Od.," i. 34; iii. 6. ‡ "Sat.," ii. 150.

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was by strange atmospheric phenomena ; sometimes by physical prodigies as when a woman produced a snake,* or a calf was born with its head in its thigh;† whereupon, says Tacitus *secuta haruspicum interpretatio.* Sometimes through events only preternatural from the want of assignable cause, as when the statue of Julius Cæsar, on an island in the Tiber, turned itself round from west to east.‡ Sometimes with an approximation to the Christian signs and wonders, as when Vespasian removed with spittle the *tabes oculorum,* and restored the impotent hand.§ It does not readily appear why in principle the Romans, who had the supernatural for their daily food in a shape sustained by the unbroken tradition of their country, should be violently attracted by the mere exhibition of it from a despised source, and in a manner less formal, less organized and less known. In one important way we know the accepted supernatural of the Romans operated with direct and telling power against the Gospel. *Si cœlum stetit, si terra movit, Christianos ad leones.*‖ Or, in the unsuspected language of Tacitus, *dum latius metuitur, trepidatione vulgi, invalidus quisque obtriti.* When the portents were unfavorable, and there was fear of their extension, the weak had to suffer from the popular alarms.¶

The upshot of the matter then appears to be something like this :

The lowly and despised preachers of Christian portent were confronted everywhere by the high-born and accomplished caste sworn to the service of the gods, familiar from centuries of tradition with the supernatural, and supported at every point with the whole force and influence of civil authority. Nor has there ever probably been a case of a contest so unequal, as far as the powers of this world are concerned. Tainted in its origin by its connection with the detested Judaism, odious to the prevailing tone by its exclusiveness, it rested originally upon the testimony of men few, poor, and ignorant, and for a length of time no human genius was enlisted in its service, with the single exception of St. Paul. All that we of this nineteenth century know, and know so well, under the name of vested interests, is insignificant compared with the embattled fortress that these humble Christians had to storm. And the Squire, if he is to win the day with minds less ripe for conversion than Robert Elsmere, must produce some other suit of weapons from his armory.

With him I now part company, as his thorough-going negation parts company with the hybrid scheme of Mrs. Ward. It is of that scheme that I now desire to take a view immediately practical.

In a concise but striking notice in the *Times*** it is placed in the category of "clever attacks upon revealed religion." It certainly offers us a substitute for revealed religion; and possibly the thought of the book might be indicated in these words: "The Christianity accepted in England is a good thing; but come with me, and I will show you a better."

It may, I think, be fairly described as a devout attempt, made in good faith, to simplify the difficult mission of religion in the world by discarding the supposed lumber of the Christian theology, while retaining and applying, in their undiminished breadth of scope, the whole personal, social, and spiritual morality which has now, as matter of fact, entered into the patrimony of Christendom; and, since Christendom is the dominant power of the world, into the patrimony of the race. It is impossible indeed to conceive a more religious life than the later life of Robert Elsmere, in his sense of the word religion. And that sense is far above the sense in which religion is held, or practically applied, by great multitudes of Christians. It is, however, a new form of religion. The question is, can it be actually and beneficially substituted for the old one? It abolishes of course the whole authority of Scripture. It abolishes also Church, priesthood or ministry, sacraments, and the whole established machinery which trains the Christian as a member of religious society. These have been regarded by fifty generations of men as wings of the soul. It is still required by Mrs. Ward to fly, and to fly as high as ever ; but it is to fly without wings. For baptism, we have a badge of silver, and inscription in a book. For the Eucharist there is an ordinary meal, a recital of

* Tac. "Ann., xiv. 12. † Ibid., xv. 47. ‡ Tac. "Hist.," i. 86. § Ibid. iv. 81. ‖ Tertull. "Apol.," 40. ¶ Tac. "Ann.," xii. 43. ** "Times," April 7, 1888.

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the fragment, "This do in remembrance of Me." The children respond, "Jesus we remember Thee always." It is hard to say that prayer is retained. In the Elgood Street service "it is rather an act of adoration and faith, than a prayer properly so called," and it appears that memory and trust are the instruments on which the individual is to depend, for maintaining his communion with God. It would be curious to know how the New Brotherhood is to deal with the great mystery of marriage, perhaps the truest touch-stone of religious revolution.

It must be obvious to every reader that in the great duel between the old faith and the new, as it is fought in "Robert Elsmere," there is a great inequality in the distribution of the arms. Reasoning is the weapon of the new scheme; emotion the sole source of the old. Neither Catherine nor Newcome have a word to say beyond the expression of feeling; and it is when he has adopted the negative side that the hero himself is fully introduced to the faculty of argument. This is a singular arrangement, especially in the case of a writer who takes a generous view of the Christianity that she only desires to supplant by an improved device. The explanation may be simple. There are abundant signs in the book that the negative speculatists have been consulted if not ransacked; but there is nowhere a sign that the authoress has made herself acquainted with the Christian apologists, old or recent; or has weighed the evidences derivable from the Christian history; or has taken measure of the relation in which the doctrines of grace have historically stood to the production of the noblest, purest, and greatest characters of the Christian ages. If such be the case, she has skipped lightly (to put it no higher) over vast mental spaces of literature and learning relevant to the case, and has given sentence in the cause without hearing the evidence.

It might perhaps be not unjust to make a retort upon the authoress, and say that while she believes herself simply to be yielding obedience to reason, her movement is in reality impelled by bias. We have been born into an age when, in the circles of literature and science, there is a strong anti-dogmatic leaning, a prejudice which may largely intercept the action of judgment. Partly because belief has its superstitions, and the detection of these superstitions opens the fabric to attack, like a breach in the wall of a fortress when at a given point it has been stuffed with unsound material. Partly because the rapidity of the movement of the time predisposes the mind to novelty. Partly because the multiplication of enjoyments, through the progress of commerce and invention, enhances the materialism of life, strengthens by the forces of habit the hold of the seen world upon us, and leaves both less of brain-power and of heart-power available for the unseen. Enormous accretion of wealth is no more deprived of its sting now than it was when St. Paul penned his profoundly penetrating admonition to Timothy.* And when, under the present conditions, it happens that the environment of personal association represents either concentrated hostility or hopeless diversity in religion, there may be hardly a chance for firm and measured belief. What we find to be troublesome, yet from some inward protest are not prepared wholly to reject, we like to simplify and reduce; and the instances of good and devoted men who are averse to dogma, more frequent than usual in this age, are powerful to persuade us that in lightening the cargo we are really securing the safe voyage of the ship. "About dogma we hear dispute, but the laws of high social morality no speculation is disposed to question. Why not get rid of the disputable, and concentrate all our strength on grasping the undisputed?" We may by a little wresting quote high authority for this recommendation. "Whereto we have already attained . . . let us mind the same thing . . . And if in anything ye be otherwise minded, God shall reveal even this unto you."† It is not difficult to conceive how, under the action of causes with which the time abounds, pure and lofty minds, wholly guiltless of the intention to impair or lower the motive forces of Christianity, may be led into the snare, and may even conceive a process in itself destructive to be, on the contrary, conservative and reparatory.

But it is a snare none the less. And first let us recollect, when we speak of renouncing Christian dogma, what it is that we mean. The germ of it as a system lies

*1 Tim. iv. 9. †Phil., iii. 15, 16.

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in the formula, "Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost."* This was speedily developed into the substance of the Apostles' Creed: the Creed which forms our confession of individual faith, in baptism and on the bed of death. Now belief in God, which forms (so to speak) the first great limb of the Creed, is strictly a dogma, and is on no account, according to Mrs. Ward, to be surrendered. But the second and greatest portion of the Creed contains twelve propositions, of which nine are matters of fact, and the whole twelve have for their office the setting forth to us of a Personage, to whom a great dispensation has been committed. The third division of the Creed is more dogmatic, but it is bound down like the second to earth and fact by the article of the Church, a visible and palpable institution. The principal purely dogmatic part of this great document is the part which is to be retained. And we, who accept the Christian story, are entitled to say, that to extrude from a history, tied to strictly human facts, that by which they become a standing channel of organic connection between Deity and humanity, is not presumptively a very hopeful mode of strengthening our belief in God, thus deprived of its props and accessories. The chasm between deity and the human soul, over which the scheme of Redemption has thrown a bridge, again yawns beneath our feet, in all its breadth and depth.

Although the Divinity of Christ is not put prominently forward in this book, but rather the broader objection to supernatural manifestations, yet it will be found to be the real hinge of the entire question. For, if Christ be truly God, few will deny that the exceptional incidents, which follow in the train of His appearance upon earth, raise, in substance, no new difficulty. It is true, then, that Christians have been so divided on this subject as to promise us a return of peace and progress by its elimination.

To answer this question rightly, we must not take the humor of this or that particular time or country, but must regard the Christian system in its whole extension and its whole duration. So regarding it, we shall find that the assertion, far from being true, is glaringly untrue. The truth in rude outline is surely this. That when the Gospel went out into the world, the greatest of all the groups of controversies which progressively arose within its borders, was that which concerned the true nature of the Object of worship. That these controversies ran through the most important shapes, which have been known to the professing Church of later years, and through many more. That they rose, especially in the fourth century, to such a height, amidst the conflict of councils, popes, and theologians, that the private Christian was too often like the dove wandering over the waters and seeking in vain a resting-place for the sole of his foot. That the whole mind and heart of the Church were given, in their whole strength and through a lengthened period, to find some solution of these controversies. That many generations passed before Arianism wholly ceased to be the basis of Christian profession in spots or sections of Christendom, but not so long before the central thought of the body as a whole had come to be fixed in the form of what has ever since, and now for over fourteen hundred years, been known as the orthodox belief. The authority of this tradition, based upon the Scriptures, has through all that period been upheld at the highest point to which a marvelous continuity and universality could raise it. It was not impeached by the questioning mind of the thirteenth century. The scientific revolution, which opened to us the antipodes and the solar system, did not shake it. The subtle dangers of the Renaissance were dangers to Christianity as a whole, but not to this great element of Christianity as a part. And when the terrible struggles of the Reformation stirred every coarse human passion as well as every fond religious interest into fury, even then the Nicene belief, as Möhler in his "Symbolik" has so well observed, sat undisturbed in a region elevated above the controversies of the time; which only touched it at points so exceptional, and comparatively so obscure, as not appreciably to qualify its majestic authority. A Christianity without Christ is no Christianity; and a Christ not divine is other than the Christ on whom the souls of Christians have habitually fed. What virtue, what piety have existed outside of Christianity, is a

* St. Matt. xxviii. 19.

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question totally distinct. But to hold that, since the great controversy of the early time was wound up at Chalcedon, the question of our Lord's divinity (which draws after it all that Robert Elsmere would excide), has generated the storms of the Christian atmosphere, would be simply an historical untruth. How, then, is the work of peace to be promoted by the excision of truth from our creed of that central truth, on which we are generally agreed?

The onward movement of negation in the present day has presented, perhaps, no more instructive feature than this, that the Unitarian persuasion has, in this country at least, by no means thriven upon it. It might have been thought that, in the process of dilapidation, here would have been a point at which the receding side tide of belief would have rested at any rate for a while. But instead of this, we are informed that the numbers of professed Unitarians have increased less than those of other communions, and less than the natural growth of the population. And we find Mrs. Ward herself describing the old Unitarian scheme as one wholly destitute of logic; but in what respect she improves upon it I have not yet perceived.

In order to invest any particular propagandism with a show of presumptive title to our acceptance, its author should be able to refer it to some standard of appeal which will show that it has foundations otherwise than in mere private judgment or active imagination. The books of the New Testament I understand to be, for Mrs. Ward, of no value except for the moral precepts they contain. Still less may we invoke the authority of the Old Testament, where the ethical picture is more chequered. She finds no spell in the great moral miracle (so to phrase it) of the Psalms; nor in the marvelous *propaideia* of the Jewish history, so strikingly confirmed by recent research; in the Levitical law, the prophetic teaching, the entire dispensation of temporal promise and of religious worship and instruction, by which the Hebrew race was kept in social isolation through fifteen centuries, as a cradle for the Redeemer that was to come. She is not awakened by the Christian more than by the Jewish history. No way to her assent is opened by the great victory of the world's babes and striplings over its philosophers and scholars, and the serried array of emperors, aristocracies, and statesmen, with their elaborate apparatus of organized institutions. All this cogent mass of human testimony is rendered, I admit, on behalf not of a vague and arbitrary severance of Christian morals from the roots which have produced them, but of what we term the Christian dogma, that is to say, of belief in God supplemented and brought home by the great fact of Redemption, and of the provision made through the Church of Christ for the perpetual conservation and application of its living powers.

And it must be observed that, in adducing this evidence from consent, I make no assumption and beg no question as betwhen reformed and unreformed Christianity. By any such preferential treatment of a part, I should weaken the authority and betray the sacred cause of the whole. All that can be said or shown of the corruptions that have gathered round the central scheme, of the failure rightly to divide the word of truth of the sin and shame than in a hundred forms have belied its profession, affords only new proof of the imperishable vitality that has borne so much disease, of the buoyancy of the ark on whose hull has grown so much of excrescence without arresting its course through the waters. And again, the concord of Christians ever since the great adjudication of the fifth century on the central truth has acquired an addition of weight almost incalculable, from the fact they have differed so sharply upon many of the propositions that are grouped around it.

Without doubt human testimony is to be duly and strictly sifted, and every defect in its quantity or quality is to be recorded in the shape of a deduction from its weight. But as there is no proceeding more irreverent, so there is none more strictly irrational, than its wholesale depreciation. Such depreciation is an infallible note of shallow and careless thinking, for it very generally implies an exaggerated and almost ludicrous estimate of the capacity and performances of the present generation, as compared with those which have preceded it. Judges in our own cause, pleaders with nobody to reply, we take ample note of every comparative advantage we possess, but forget to register deteriorating and disqualifying influences. Not less commonly is our offense avenged by our own inconsistency. The solemn voice

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of the ages, the *securus judicat orbis terrarum*, amounts simply to zero for Robert Elsmere. Yet he can absolutely surrender to his own selected pope the guidance of his understanding; and when he asks himself, at the funeral in the third volume, whether the more modest, that is, the emasculated, form of human hope in the presence of the Eternal, may not be "as real, as sustaining," as the old one, his reply to this great question is—"Let Grey's trust answer for me."

This great buttress of the old religion, whatever its value, is then withdrawn from the new one, which starts like

"a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean,"

accredited by a successful venture among the London artisans, who differ (so we are told) not only from the classes above and beneath them in the metropolis, as to their disposition to accept the Christian doctrines, but from their own brethren in the north. It is not, therefore, on testimony that the Elsmere gospel takes its stand. Does it, then, stand upon philosophy, upon inherent beauty and fitness, as compared with the scheme which it dismembers and then professes to replace? Again, be it borne in mind that the essence of the proposal is to banish the supernatural idea and character of our Lord, but to imbibe and assimilate His moral teachings.

From my antiquated point of view, this is simply to bark the tree, and then, as the death which ensues is not immediate, to point out with satisfaction on the instant that it still waves living branches in the wind. We have before us a huge larcenous appropriation, by the modern schemes, of goods which do not belong to them. They carry peacock's feathers, which adorn them for a time, and which they cannot reproduce. Let us endeavor to learn whether these broad assumptions, which flow out of the historic testimony of the Christan ages, are also prompted and sustained by the reason of the case.

It is sometimes possible to trace peculiar and marked types of human character with considerable precision to their causes. Take, for instance, the Spartan type of character, in its relation to the legislation attributed to Lycurgus. Or take, again, the Jewish type, such as it is presented to us both by the ancient and the later history, in its relation to the Mosaic law and institutions. It would surely have been a violent paradox, in either of these cases, to propose the abolition of the law, and to assert at the same time that the character would continue to be exhibited, not only sporadically and for a time, but normally and in permanence.

These were restricted, almost tribal, systems. Christianity, though by no means less peculiar, was diffusive. It both produced a type of character wholly new to the Roman world, and it fundamentally altered the laws and institutions, the tone, temper, and tradition of that world. For example, it changed profoundly the relation of the poor to the rich, and the almost forgotton obligations of the rich to the poor. It abolished slavery, abolished human sacrifice, abolished gladiatorial shows, and a multitude of other horors. It restored the position of woman in society. It proscribed polygamy; and put down divorce, absolutely in the West, though not absolutely in the East. It made peace, instead of war, the normal and presumed relation between human societies. It exhibited life as a discipline everywhere and in all its parts, and changed essentially the place and function of suffering in human experience. Accepting the ancient morality as far as it went, it not only enlarged but transfigured its teaching, by the laws of humility and of forgiveness, and by a law of purity perhaps even more new and strange than these. Let it be understood that I speak throughout not of such older religion as may have subsisted in the lowly and unobserved places of human life, but of what stamped the character of its strongholds; of the elements which made up the main and central currents of thought, action, and influence, in those places, and in those classes, which drew the rest of the world in their train. All this was not the work of a day, but it was the work of powers and principles which persistently asserted themselves in despite of controversy, of infirmity, and of corruption in every form; which reconstituted in life and vigor a society found in decadence; which by degrees came to pervade the very air we breathe; and which eventually have beyond all dispute made Christendom the dominant portion, and Christianity the ruling power, of the world. And all

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this has been done, not by eclectic and arbitrary fancies, but by the creed of the Homoousian, in which the philosophy of modern times sometimes appears to find a favorite theme of ridicule. But it is not less material to observe that the whole fabric, social as well as personal, rests on the new type of individual character which the Gospel brought into life and action: enriched and completed without doubt from collateral sources which made part of the "Evangelical preparation," but in its central essence due entirely to the dispensation, which had been founded and wrought out in the land of Judea, and in the history of the Hebrew race. What right have we to detach, or to suppose we can detach, this type of personal character from the causes out of which as matter of history it has grown, and to assume that without its roots it will thrive as well as with them?

For Mrs. Ward is so firmly convinced, and so affectionately sensible, of the exquisite excellence of the Christian type that she will permit no abatement from it, though she thinks it can be cast in a mold which is human as well as, nay, better than, in one which is divine. Nor is she the first person who, in renouncing the Christian tradition, has reserved her allegiance to Christian morals and even sought to raise their standard. We have, for instance, in America, not a person only, but a society, which, while trampling on the Divinity and Incarnation of Christ, not only accepts His rule of life, but pushes evangelical counsels into absolute precepts, and insists upon them as the rule of life for all who seek, instead of abiding in the "lower floor churches," to be Christians indeed. The "fundamental principles of Shakerism" are "virgin purity, non-resistance, peace, equality of inheritance, and unspottedness from the world."* The evidence of travelers appears to show that the ideal of these projectors has to a certain degree been realized; nor can we know for how many years an eccentric movement of this kind will endure the test of time without palpably giving way. The power of environment, and the range of idiosyncrasy, suffice to generate, especially in dislocating times, all sorts of abnormal combinations, which subsist, in a large degree, upon forces not their own, and so impose themselves, with a show of authority, upon the world.

Let us return to the point. The Christian type is the product and the property of the Christian scheme. No, says the objector, the improvements which we witness are the offspring of civilization. It might be a sufficient answer to point out that the civilization before and around us is a Christian civilization. What civilization could do without Christianity for the greatest races of mankind we know already. Philosophy and art, creative genius and practical energy, had their turn before the Advent; and we can register the results. I do not say that the great Greek and Roman ages lost—perhaps even they improved—the ethics of *meum* and *tuum*, in the interests of the leisured and favored classes of society, as compared with what those ethics had been in archaic times. But they lost the hold which some earlier races within their sphere had had of the future life. They degraded, and that immeasurably, the position of woman. They effaced from the world the law of purity. They even carried indulgence to a worse than bestial type; and they gloried in the achievement.† Duty and religion, in the governing classes and the governing places, were absolutely torn asunder; and self-will and self-worship were established as the unquestioned rule of life. It is yet more important to observe that the very qualities which are commended in the Beatitudes, and elsewhere in the Sermon on the Mount, and which form the base of the character specifically Christian, were for the Greek and the Roman mind the objects of contempt. From the history of all that has lain within the reach of the great Mediterranean basin, not a tittle of encouragement can be drawn from the ideas of those, who would surrender the doctrines of Christianity and yet retain its moral and spiritual fruits.

Does then that severance, unsustained by authority or by experience, commend itself at any single point by an improved conformity with purely abstract principles of philosophy? and is the new system better adapted to the condition and the needs

* The quotation is from a preface to "Shaker Sermons," by H. L. Eads, Bishop of South Union, Kentucky. Fourth edition, 1887.

† See for instance the Ἔρωτες of Lucian.

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of human nature, than the old? Does it better correspond with what an enlightened reason would dictate as the best provision for those needs? Does it mitigate or does it enhance, the undoubted difficulties of belief? And if the answer must be given in the negative to both these inquiries, how are we to account for the strange phenomenon which exhibits to us persons sincerely, nay painfully, desirous of seeing Divine government more and more accepted in the world, yet enthusiastically busied in cutting away the best among the props, by which that government has been heretofore sustained?

As regards the first of these three questions, it is to be observed that, while the older religions made free use of prodigy and portent, they employed these instruments for political rather than moral purposes: and it may be doubted whether the sum total of such action tended to raise the standard of life and thought. The general upshot was that the individual soul felt itself very far from God. Our bedimmed eye could not perceive His purity; and our puny reach could not find touch of His vastness. By the scheme of Redemption this sense of distance was removed. The divine perfections were reflected through the medium of a perfect humanity, and were thus made near, familiar, and liable to love. The great all-pervading law of human sympathy became directly available for religion, and in linking us to the Divine Humanity, linked us by the same act to God. And this is not for rare and exceptional souls alone, but for the common order of mankind. The direct contact, the interior personal communion of the individual with God, was re-established: for human faculties, in their normal action, could now appreciate, and approach to, what had previously been inappreciable and unapproachable. Surely the system I have thus rudely exhibited was ideally a great philosophy, as well as practically an immeasurable boon. To strike out the redemptive clauses from the scheme is to erase the very feature by which it essentially differed from all other schemes; and to substitute a didactic exhibition of superior morality, with the rays of an example in the preterite tense, set by a dead man in Judea, for that scheme of living forces, by which the powers of a living Saviour's humanity are daily and hourly given to man, under a charter which expires only with the world itself. Is it possible here to discern, either from an ideal or from a practical point of view, anything but depletion and impoverishment, and the substitution of a spectral for a living form?

If we proceed to the second question, the spectacle, as it presents itself to me, is stranger still. Although we know that James Mill, arrested by the strong hand of Bishop Butler, halted rather than rested for a while in theism on his progress towards general negation, yet his case does not supply, nor can we draw from other sources, any reason to regard such a position as one which can be largely and permanently held against that relentless force of logic, which is ever silently at work to assert and to avenge itself. The theist is confronted, with no breakwater between, by the awful problem of moral evil, by the mystery of pain, by the apparent anomalies of waste and of caprice on the face of creation; and not least of all by the fact that, while the moral government of the world is founded on the free agency of man, there are in multitudes of cases environing circumstances independent of his will which seem to deprive that agency, called free, of any operative power adequate to contend against them. In this bewildering state of things, in this great enigma of the world, "Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? . . . Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the wine-fat?"* There has come upon the scene the figure of a Redeemer, human and divine. Let us grant that the Incarnation is a marvel wholly beyond our reach, and that the miracle of the Resurrection to-day gives serious trouble to fastidious intellects. But the difficulties of a baffled understanding, lying everywhere around us in daily experience, are to be expected from its limitations; not so the shocks encountered by the moral sense. Even if the Christian scheme slightly lengthened the immeasurable catalogue of the first, this is dust in the balance compared with the relief it furnishes to the second; in supplying the most powerful remedial agency ever known, in teaching how pain may be made a helper, an evil transmuted into good; and in opening clearly the vision of another world,

* Is. lxiii. 1, 2.

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in which we are taught to look for yet larger counsels of the Almighty wisdom. To take away, then, the agency so beneficient, which has so softened and reduced the moral problems that lie thickly spread around us, and to leave us face to face with them in all their original rigor, is to enhance and not to mitigate the difficulties of belief.

Lastly, it is not difficult to understand why those who prefer the Pagan ideal, or who cannot lay hold on the future world, or who labor under still greater disadvantages, should put aside as a whole the Gospel of God manifest in the flesh. But Mrs. Ward is none of these; and it is far harder to comprehend the mental attitude, or the mental consistency at least, of those who like her desire to retain what was manifested, but to thrust aside the manifesting Person, and all that His living personality entails: or, if I may borrow an Aristotelian figure, to keep the accidents and discard the substance. I cannot pretend to offer a solution to this hard riddle. But there is one feature which almost uniformly marks writers whose mind, as in this case, is of a religious tone, or who do not absolutely exclude religion, while they reject the Christian dogma and the authority of Scripture. They appear to have a very low estimate both of the quantity and quality of sin; of its amount, spread like a deluge over the world, and of the subtlety, intensity, and virulence of its nature. I mean a low estimate as compared with the mournful denunciations of the sacred writings, or with the language especially of the later Christian Confessions. Now let it be granted that, in interpreting these Christian Confessions, we do not sufficiently allow for the enormous differences among human beings—differences both of original disposition and of ripened character. We do not sufficiently take account of the fact that, while disturbance and degradation have so heavily affected the mass, there are a happy few on whom nature's degeneracy has but lightly laid its hand. In the biography of the late Dr. Marsh we have an illustration apt for my purpose. His family was straitly Evangelical. He underwent what he deemed to be conversion. A like-minded friend congratulated his mother on the work of Divine grace in her son. But, in the concrete, she mildly resented the remark, and replied that in truth "Divine grace would find very little to do in her son William."

In the novel of "The Unclassed," by the author of "Thyrza," which like "Robert Elsmere" is of the didactic and speculative class, the leading man-character, when detailing his mental history, says that "sin" has never been for him a word of weighty import. So ingenuous a confession is not common. I remember but one exception to the rule that the negative writers of our own day have formed, or at least have exhibited, a very feeble estimate of the enormous weight of sin, as a factor in the condition of man and of the world. That exception is Amiel. Mrs. Ward has prefixed to her translation of his remarkable and touching work an Introduction, from which I make the following extract:

"His Calvanistic training lingers long in him; and what detaches him from the Hegelian school, with which he has much in common, is his own stronger sense of personal need, his preoccupation with the idea of sin. He speaks (says M. Renan, contemptuously) of sin, of salvation, of redemption and conversion, as if these things were realities. He asks me: 'What does M. Renan make of sin?' 'Eh bien, je crois que je le supprime.'"

The closing expression is a happy one: Sin is for the most part suppressed.

We are bound to believe, and I for one do believe, that in many cases the reason why the doctrines of grace, so profoundly imbedded in the Gospel, are dispensed with by the negative writers of the day, is in many cases because they have not fully had to feel the need of them; because they have not traveled with Saint Paul through the dark valley of agonizing conflict, or with Dante along the circles downward and the hill upward; because, having to bear a smaller share than others of the common curse and burden, they stagger and falter less beneath its weight.

But ought they not to know that they are physicians, who have not learned the principal peril of the patient's case, and whose prescription accordingly omits the main requisite for a cure? For surely in this matter there should be no mistake. As the entire Levitical institutions seem to have been constructed to impress upon the Hebrew mind a deep and definite idea of sin, we find in the New Testa-

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ment that that portion of our Lord's work was so to speak ready made. But he placed it at the foundation of His great design for the future. "When the Comforter is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness, and of judgment."* Mrs. Ward seeks, and even with enthusiasm, to "make for righteousness;" but the three terms compose an organic whole, and if a part be torn away the residue will bleed to death. For the present, however, we have only to rest in the real, though but partial consolation, that if the ancient and continuous creed of Christendom has slipped away from its place in Mrs. Ward's brilliant and subtle understanding, it has, nevertheless, by no means lost a true, if unacknowledged, hold upon the inner sanctuary of her heart.

W. E. GLADSTONE.

* John xvi. 8.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

A POSSIBLE WAR AND ITS PROBABLE RESULTS.

No one anticipates a war between Great Britain and this country. Certainly no one desires it except the fanatics, who, inspired by race hate, would gladly transfer the Anglo-Irish quarrel to this continent. The common interests of the two nations are too solidly one to permit violation except for the gravest reasons. The fate which

> "Their severance ruled,
> And bade between their shores to be
> The unplumbed, salt, estranging sea,"

also joined them by chords which ring out through the whole diapason the same aspirations and the same responsibilities in the evolution of history. A war between these two nations would be a dire calamity to each, no matter how it might result. Yet newspapers and individuals, high in national influence, have been calmly forecasting such a contingency. Let us then take our place with these speculators on so woeful a chance. We shall find the more remote results far weightier than the immediate.

The latter may be estimated as, firstly, either the destruction of our most important seaboard cities, or their salvation through the payment of an enormous tribute; secondly, the subjugation of Canada by the United States; thirdly, the destruction of British commerce by American privateers and letters of marque. If the nations pressed the war in dead earnest all these results would come about, no matter what the earlier vicissitudes might be. Canada is fast ripening to drop into the mouth of her big neighbor. The silent forces which mould the destiny of peoples, are working inexorably to this result. War would only hasten this a quarter or maybe a half century. The evils of a violent seizure by the United States, however, would be terrible to the mother-country, while a peaceful secession of Canada from Great Britain would rather strengthen than weaken that great people.

Imprimis as to Great Britain. The loss of so great a possession by war, though in no sense is it a factor of real strength, even since the completion of the Canada Pacific road, would be a fatal blow to English military prestige. England's great interests throughout the world, specially in India, would shake to the centre with such a stroke. She is probably the best-hated nation on this footstool of God, though we think it her misfortune rather than her fault. The military glory of this nation is rather reflected from her past than existent in her present. Her own most competent critics pronounce her army to be a glittering sham. Even her

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navy, great as it is, is far less effective than the roster on paper would show. A thorough exposure of England's weakness would make her empire totter, and nothing would so conduce to this end as one great defeat.

Secondly, as to the United States: Victory in such a war would be almost worse than defeat. It would certainly foster our warlike spirit and tend to transform us into a great military nation, which now we essentially are not. The lust of aggrandizement would poison our blood. The military possibilities of such a nation as this, once its energies were turned in this direction, can hardly be computed. We should hanker after fresh conquests. Mexico and Central America would ultimately feed our maw, and the American Republic would stretch from the frozen zone nearly to the Equator. Such a united dominion, including interests so hostile and irreconcilable, could not last under a republican form. The centrifugal forces would be irresistible. Final end—monarchy or the cleaving apart into a dozen fresh fragments, either case accompanied by the terrors of civil war.

Such would be probable results of a war with Great Britain if it were fought to the bitter end. The effect on the interests of the civilized world at large, though more indirect, would seriously retard them in their onward march. Anglo-Saxon pride does not harbor a false conceit in believing that in the harmonious action of the English-speaking peoples the world's prosperity largely hangs.

G. T. FERRIS.

II.

RESTRICTION OR PROHIBITION?

SEVEN distinguished men, in the August number, discuss the drink evil and the question of prohibition. They all agree as to the magnitude of the evil, and that, if the manufacture and sale of intoxicants was stopped, the evil would cease. Thus far, every intelligent and candid man must agree with them. But is not that the position of doctrinaires, dealing with an ideal race, and an ideal world, rather than the treatment of the subject by statesmen, who have an actual world and a wicked race to deal with? To my apprehension, it does not touch the core of the subject.

While it is hardly possible to exaggerate the magnitude of the evil, and is an axiom that the evil would cease if it was impossible to procure the means of the indulgence, yet the fact is that, in most states and nations, prohibition at present is an impossibility. The practical question, therefore, is, what then is to be done? Neal Dow is the only one of the seven who attempts to answer that question. He says: "If we cannot have it forbidden and suppressed we will not consent that it shall have legal permission or protection. Whatever evil to society may come from it, let it be without sanction of the State." In other words, if the manufacture and sale of ardent spirits cannot be prohibited by law, let the manufacture and sale be open and free to everybody, absolutely unregulated, and unrestricted, and no law take cognizance of its existence as a fact in the life of the community.

Is that the course which wisdom dictates? Is it the course which we pursue with other recognized nuisances? If we cannot prevent them, do we not do what we can to throw obstacles in their way to obstruct them, to diminish their power? And is not this the course of wisdom? If so, then it is plain that in all cases where prohibition cannot be enacted, restriction is the true policy. If groggeries are an evil, the more of them the worse for the community—the fewer the better. And, in such a case, it is an abuse of language to call that "permission" which is a restriction. We do not "permit" that which we have no power to prevent. Mr.

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Dow did not prevent the yellow fever at Memphis, the earthquake at Charleston, the cyclones in Dakota, the assassination of Lincoln or Garfield. Did they then exist by his "permission?" Let the same principle be applied to the evils which these seven writers so graphically portray. All who recognize the truthfulness of their portrayal must agree to the remedy which they offer *wherever it can be applied;* but in those numerous, melancholy instances where it cannot be done, throw all possible obstacles in the way—neither make whiskey conditionally free, as in the Repub ican platform, nor absolutely free, as in the Prohibition platform. Tax it. Tax it every way. Tax it heavily. Tax it up to the point of prohibition. Tax it regardless of the revenue derived from it; and let this taxation be regarded not as a "permission," but as a restriction. It is better that there should be in the City of New York ten groggeries—miscalled "saloons"—than a thousand. There is more likelihood that the tired laborer will reach his home with the whole of his hard-earned wages in his pocket for the benefit of himself and his family if the score of groggeries which now fringe the street along which he must pass to reach his home are wiped out, and he can only enter one by going a half-mile out of his course, than there is if invitations to imbibe are thrust upon him in every square. There is less likelihood that the youth will become a frequenter of the groggery and the victim of its debasing influences if there is none within a mile of him than if there are a half dozen of them in the block in which he lives. It is in the belief of such truths that men act in all other affairs. Prohibit an evil if you can. If you cannot, then hamper, obstruct, diminish, weaken.

"Who does the best his circumstance allows,
Does well, acts nobly; angels could no more."

HENRY STOCKBRIDGE.

III.

ARE WORKINGMEN "CULPRITS?"

IN the June number of the REVIEW, Henry Melrose argues that the workingmen are responsible for the evils that legislation entails upon the people, for the reason that the laboring classes control the popular elections. Mr. Melrose tells the toilers that they are the culprits. Is this true? Grant that the workingmen wield the balance of power at the polls, and that by their suffrage bad men are elected to office: does it follow that the toilers are the culprits, and that they alone are responsible for the wrongs that are committed in the name of government? If not, let us reverse the judgment.

Unscrupulous politicians, posing as statesmen, have been heard to say that the people, being the source of power, are responsible for the abuses in the public service, and that, as the government is corrupt, so are the people. If these imputations upon the social body are true, popular government is very little in advance of the despotisms of the old world, and, instead of worshiping at the shrine of Liberty, the people of the new world have been and are hugging a huge delusion in the vain hope and apparent reality that they are devoting themselves to the great cause of human freedom and justice. Men high in the councils of the republic have uttered some of these slanders against the integrity of their countrymen—men whose skirts are besmirched from dragging through the corrupt pools of commercial politics. They are the cuttle-fish in the political sea. Behind the infirmities of the people they seek to hide their own deformities.

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Superior intellect is sometimes blighted by an evil genius which preys upon the common mind. The average mind, absorbed and circumscribed by the drudgery of toil, is not on its guard against the song of the siren. Truth is always uppermost in the human mind. The same evil genius of intellect which is responsible for a violation of the penal code, is responsible for the wrongs of government. The ignorant and vicious, the tramp and the pauper, are wheedled by the evil genius of superior intellect and intelligence, or are bribed by the man of money to desecrate the temple of truth and liberty by casting a dishonest ballot for a dishonest man, who, having thus acquired official patronage and political power, devotes himself to despoiling the temple and poisoning the springs of truth and justice. The fruits of this great crime are borne in the frenzy of the mob, the violence of the strike, and, finally, in the awful judgment of an outraged people, whose mighty voice and tread shake down the thrones of the world and revolutionize forms of government.

The great heart of mankind beats in sympathy with itself and with the vices and sorrows that mingle in its blood. The higher judgment and better impulses of all men dictate obedience to those great principles of justice which, flashing from the honest intellect, never fail to move humanity in the right direction. To this better sympathy and higher judgment the leaders of men must appeal.

The current of human thought runs in the channel of truth. It may at times be diverted from its natural course by the evil genius of intellect which is manifest in the corrupt use of power and money, and in the sophistry of overleaping ambition. The beasts of the field are under the dominion of man; the dullest beast of burden may be made to appreciate his kindness or to resent his anger. There runs the parallel between the weaker and the stronger mind. As it is provided by the law of the state, that every man should use his own property so as not to injure his neighbor, so is it declared by the higher law that the man of superior intellect and wider knowledge should not use his superior gifts and greater acquisitions to the detriment or disadvantage of his fellow-men. These self-evident truths and vital principles are little heeded by the over-ambitious men engaged in the scramble for place, and power, and spoils.

Every order of animate creation has its kings. We are pleased to speak of the kings of men. Some men have greater intellectual endowments and greater knowledge than the mass of mankind. While, now and then, an unlettered man will accumulate a large estate, the rule is that the men of knowledge and superior mind amass the great fortunes of the world. It remains for those of superior intellect and intelligence to discover the fountains of truth, and to turn their vitalizing streams out into the barren places, and to make beautiful flowers bloom in the melancholy wastes.

LINUS S. WEBB.

IV.

INEBRIETY AS A DISEASE.

A LARGE number of medico-legal questions arise in connection with dipsomania. All true dipsomaniacs are irresponsible for acts committed immediately before, during and after their attacks. This is on account of their intellectual condition before the crisis, on account of the impulsive character of their actions, and on account of the toxic delirium with which it is often followed. In the eyes even of those who regard drunkenness as an aggravation of crime, the dipsomaniac should be regarded as irresponsible because he is not master of his desire to drink. As for the wrong or even criminal acts which they commit in their lucid inter-

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vals, we should never forget that they are possessed of an undeniably morbid disposition, that they have a defective intellectual organization, and are in reality beings who have degenerated.

Introduction in excess continually from time to time of alcoholic drinks leads to an accumulation in the system of the specific poison. The tissues of the body and the nervous system, which includes the brain, become at length so impregnated, so charged with the poison, as to produce in the unhappy victim of this condition a craving for the accustomed stimulant, which becomes absolutely irresistible. Such people as these are "dipsomaniacs," and for these victims there can be no doubt there is but one remedy—absolute restraint from all access to alcoholic liquors for a sufficient length of time to cure the disease of inebriety, which is curable like other diseases. Law and medicine should unite in accepting the following as a definition of dipsomania: Dipsomania consists of an irresistible craving for alcoholic stimulants, occurring very frequently, periodically, paroxysmally, with a constant liability to periodical exacerbations, when the craving becomes altogether irresistible.

The dipsomaniac is driven into a debauch by an irresistible impulse; the drunkard merely chooses to seek the intoxicating effect of alcohol. There are many dipsomaniacs who, in the intervals between their paroxysms, will not take stimulants even when placed before them; but a drunkard, on the other hand, will take a stimulant whenever he can get it. Dipsomania, also, rarely occurs except in persons of a certain hereditary conformation. When the disease of dipsomania first appears—and it may be caused by blows on the head, sunstroke, fever, hemorrhage, mental shock, or by the commotion in the system which attends the establishment of puberty or the arrival of the climacteric period—the paroxysms of drinking occur generally but once or twice in a year, and grow in frequency until they become separated by an interval of a few days only.

Science demonstrates conclusively that Society and the Law should cease to regard the inebriate as a moral delinquent and look upon him as a sick man, demanding proper medical treatment to remove the diseased conditions of his organism. There is peril to society in the increase of the neuropathic diathesis, resulting from intemperance, that surely breeds its like and perpetuates hereditary descent of the organically defective and vicious, and it is wise to remember that there is a small advantage and an infinity of evil to be gained by the constant daily use of alcohol as a beverage. Alcohol is very valuable when used skillfully, scientifically and legitimately; but in its abuse it is a destructive and terrible agent, productive of a large amount of physical and mental disease and entailing diseased appetites and enfeebled constitutions upon offspring.

EDWARD C. MANN.

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BOOK REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

I.

SOCIAL PROBLEMS AND STRUGGLES.

A WORK covering the vast field opened to view in the title page of Mr. Phillips book on "Fundamental Facts and Principles,"* and which elaborately and intelligently discusses the root ideas of socialism, capital and labor, and financial subjects generally, demands more than a passing notice. The book itself bears unmistakable evidence of painstaking toil and zeal. The author believes in the paramount importance of the topics which he has grouped together, and which certainly, as he puts them before us, bear close relation to each other. The preface is a model one. One feels inclined to give all the closer attention to an author on political economy who frankly owns that he has no panacea to offer for all social ills, and who only hopes that he may be able to shed some light on the problems of the immediate future. What those problems are, at least from the author's standpoint, may be summarized as the proper rights and relations of capital and labor, the limitations of the power of wealth to oppress the people, the currency question, and the poverty question. Without such explanation as this the title of the book might mislead, for there are social evils and struggles of various kinds known to civilivation besides those here enumerated. The author combats vigorously the idea that money and coin are synonymous terms, and argues at great length, and with a multiplicity of illustrations, that money is simply a measure of value, or, to quote the author's words: "Whatever a nation consents to transfer from one person to another as an aid in computing and comparing values and as a medium of exchange, is money." The trouble about this theory is that it only holds good within the boundaries of the nation. The author asserts that the want of some money (other than gold and silver coin we presume) that "shall pass current and unchallenged in any quarter or section of the globe" is a sign that mankind are yet in a barbaric condition. Just what kind of money this is to be we are not told. The author says: "We are frequently told that a dollar is really worthless unless it is as valuable in foreign countries as it is in our own country. But persons who talk so might as well say that the laws of the State of New York are worthless because they are of no validity in South America or Asia." This is not so. The efforts of all civilized peoples are in the direction of uniform criminal laws and extradition treaties. International commerce as well as international comity is based on the assumption that certain main principles and laws are recognized everywhere. Should the United States, as the author expects, abolish the national bank notes and issue greenbacks in their place, these greenbacks will not be any nearer money than the national bank notes are at present. We really fail to see that the author throws any great light on the money question by merely denouncing coin and upholding paper, nor do we think that he is very successful in showing how an abundance of fiat money will diminish poverty and abolish other social miseries.

* "Social Struggles: The Fundamental Facts and Principles Relative to Values, Prices, Money and Interest, etc, etc." By John Philip Phillips. Tuttle, Morehouse & Taylor: New Haven.

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On the question of franchises Mr. Phillips gives expression to some sensible views worthy of attentive consideration. Thus: "Franchises should be so granted as to insure the fullest and most immediate control by the people. . . . When a price is paid in consideration of a franchise it should always be in form of a percentage of gross receipts instead of a sum which is given and received as full payment. . . . In other words, the public should never part with the ownership of a franchise. When a disposition is made of it other than operation by government employés, the transfer should be by a lease which expressly states the right of the people, at any time, after reasonable notice, to revise its provisions or terminate it entirely. But all control of public facilities for transportation by individuals or corporations implies an imperfect state and organization of society." It is usually admitted that the power which confers a franchise can take it away again after satisfying the equities of the case, but it is not so generally understood that the people have a right to a permanent share in the profits of corporations trading on public franchises. This point is therefore exceedingly well put. How to limit the power of monopolies and make them servants instead of masters of the people is a serious problem, which we fear the author does not dispose of very satisfactorily. Most serious thinkers will approve such quotations as the following: "It is sound public policy to encourage industry and the accumulation of wealth. Those who are lazy, improvident and wasteful should suffer the natural result of bad conduct. But at the same time we should create the same checks to prevent an unscrupulous and inordinate use of the money-making power that we have already placed on the misuse of physical power." What those checks should exactly be is just the point on which these pages do not enlighten us.

Mr. Phillips is evidently a close and original thinker, but he does not take us far enough to enable us to see our way out of the wood of economic mystery. The book would also have been the better for a considerable boiling down. One wearies in this practical age of endless discussions of first principles.

II.

THE REFORMATION IN GERMANY.

THE sixth volume of Dr. Philip Schaff's Church History* has been issued in advance of the fifth, which will, in due course, make its appearance. The subject of the sixth is the Reformation in Germany, which is treated very fully and in a strictly historical and judicial spirit as befits a scholastic work. The spirit of the author towards the Roman Catholics is shown in the following extract from the first chapter, which is rather inexplicably entitled "Orientation," but which is in fact an introduction to modern church history: "In many respects the Roman Church of to-day is a great improvement upon the Mediæval Church. She has been much benefited by the Protestant Reformation, and is far less corrupt and far more prosperous in Protestant than in Papal countries. . . . By her venerable antiquity, historical continuity, visible unity, centralized organization, imposing ritual sacred art, and ascetic piety she attracts intelligent and cultured minds; while the common people are kept in ignorance and in superstitious awe of her mysterious authority, with its claims to open the gates of heaven and hell and to shorten the purgatorial sufferings of the departed. For good and evil she is the strongest conservative force in modern society, and there is every reason to believe that she will last to the end of time." Of Luther's youthful life the author says:

* "History of the Christian Church," By Philip Schaff. Vol. VI. The German Reformation. Charles Scribner's Sons.

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"Luther had a hard youth, without sunny memories, and was brought up under stern discipline. His mother chastised him for stealing a paltry nut till the blood came. . . . The hardships of Luther's youth and the want of refined breeding show their effects in his writings and actions. . . . He was not a polished diamond, but a rough block cut out from a granite mountain and well-fitted for a solid base of a mighty structure."

In the general scope of this book we do not find that the author introduces us to new principles or even facts. Probably the ground has been so well trodden that fresh discoveries are impossible. What we do find is a very careful and systematic arrangement of historic material, with a copious production of authorities and titles of works consulted. The author touches only lightly on the corruptions of the Mediæval Church and the Protestant matyrology of this period, but gives a very clear and succinct view of the sacramentarian controversies. The period covered is from the publication of the ninety-five Theses to the Diet of Augsbury in 1530.

III.

A PLEASANT BOOK OF TRAVEL.

A REMARKABLY graphic and entertaining volume of sketches of Eastern travel* comes to us from the pen of M. Louis Viand, a French naval officer, who writes under the *nom de plume* of "Pierre Loti." It is unpretending in appearance, and somewhat unprepossessing by reason of its lengthy memorial preface, in memory of the friend for whom the sketches were written, so that the casual reader is in danger of passing it by and thus missing a rare treat. If he read but a single page of these charming and beguiling descriptions, however, he will be sure to read all. Each picture is brought out with bold, swift touches, and in tones as soft and glowing as those of an Oriental sunset. The natural vivacity of a Frenchman prevents him from ever becoming monotonous. Descriptions of natural scenery are charmingly intermingled with bits of real life, and the whole constitutes a beautiful piece of mosaic, each gem adding brilliancy to its neighbor and in itself complete and satisfactory.

We quote from an early section:

"At the top of a high hill on a rainy day. A void and silence. Below my feet the green slopes go down towards the deep sea. I had gone up there on duty, having been sent by the officer in command to do some surveying, and verify the bearings of a certain bay. The seaman in charge of the chronometers was helping me in the work, and we had carefully laid out our copper instruments on a rock carpeted with delicate ferns. Other and higher mountains towered above us—gloomy heights and hanging greenery; from time to time gray mists came down from them, drenching us as they swept by. Silent and motionless we bent our heads to the showers, waiting for gleams of light on the horizon to enable us to take the bearings of the distant headlands, which again and again were shrouded in fog."

* * * "A few strokes of the oar brought us across the bar of this miniature river. The sea lay spread before us like a waste of green mother-of-pearl highly iridescent, and having a light of its own. The nosegays I had bought of the children smelt stronger than ever in the darkness as the earth gradually receded with its various intruding odors. We must have left a sweet wake behind us on the water, a trail of the scent of tuberoses."

* From "Lands of Exile." By Pierre Loti. Translated from the French by Clara Bell. Revised and corrected in the United States. New York: William S. Gottsberger.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

Charles L. Webster & Co.

Personal Memoirs of P. H. Sheridan, General U. S. Army. In 2 vols.

Charles Scribner's Sons.

Dogmatic Theology. Willlam G. T. Shedd, D. D. Two volumes.

The Diary and Letters of Gouverneur Morris, Minister of the United States to France, etc. Edited by Anne Cary Morris. Two volumes. With Portraits.

First Harvests. An Episode in the Life of Mrs. Levison Gower. A Satire without a Moral. F. J. Stimson.

Gibraltar. Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D. Illustrated.

Otto of the Silver Hand. Written and illustrated by Howard Pyle.

D. Appleton & Co.

Astronomy with an Opera Glass. A popular introduction to the study of the starry heavens with the simplest of optical instruments; with maps, directions, etc. Garrett P. Serviss.

A Manual of Decorative Composition For designers, decorators, architects and industrial artists. Henri Mayeux. Illustrated by nearly 300 engravings.

From Flag to Flag. A women's adventures and experiences in the South during the war in Mexico and in Cuba. Eliza McHatton-Ripley.

This Mortal Coil. Grant Allen.

Cassell & Co.

Cassell's Half-Dollar Cook Book. Edited by A. G. Payne.

The Young Idea, or Common School Culture. Caroline B. Le Row.

Temple House. A novel. Elizabeth Stoddard.

Cupples & Hurd.

In the Woods and Elsewhere. Poems. Thomas Hill.

The American Art Association.

Vassili Verestchagin, Painter, Soldier, Traveler. Autobiographical Sketches. Translated from the German and the French. F. H. Peters, M.A.

Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue of the works of Vassili Verestchagin.

On Progress in Art. Vassili Verestchagin.

Realism. Vassili Verestchagin.

Dodd, Mead & Co.

'Twas in Trafalgar Bay; and other stories. Walter Besant and James Rice.

T. Y. Crowell & Co.

What to Do? Count Lyof N. Tolstoï.

Lee & Shepard.

Mexico: Picturesque, Political, Progressive. Mary Elizabeth Blake and Margaret F. Sullivan.

MacMillan & Co.

Frederick, Crown Prince and Emperor. With an introduction by the Empress Frederick. Rennell Rodd.

The Aspern Papers. Louisa Pallant.

The Modern Warning. Henry James.

W. Q. Judge, New York. (Theosophical Pub. Co.)

The Secret Doctrine. The Synthesis of Science, Religion and Philosophy. H. P. Blavatsky. Vol. 1. Cosmogenesis.

Robert Clarke & Co.

Master Virgil. The Author of the Æneid as he seemed in the Middle Ages. A series of studies. J. S. Tunison.

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